

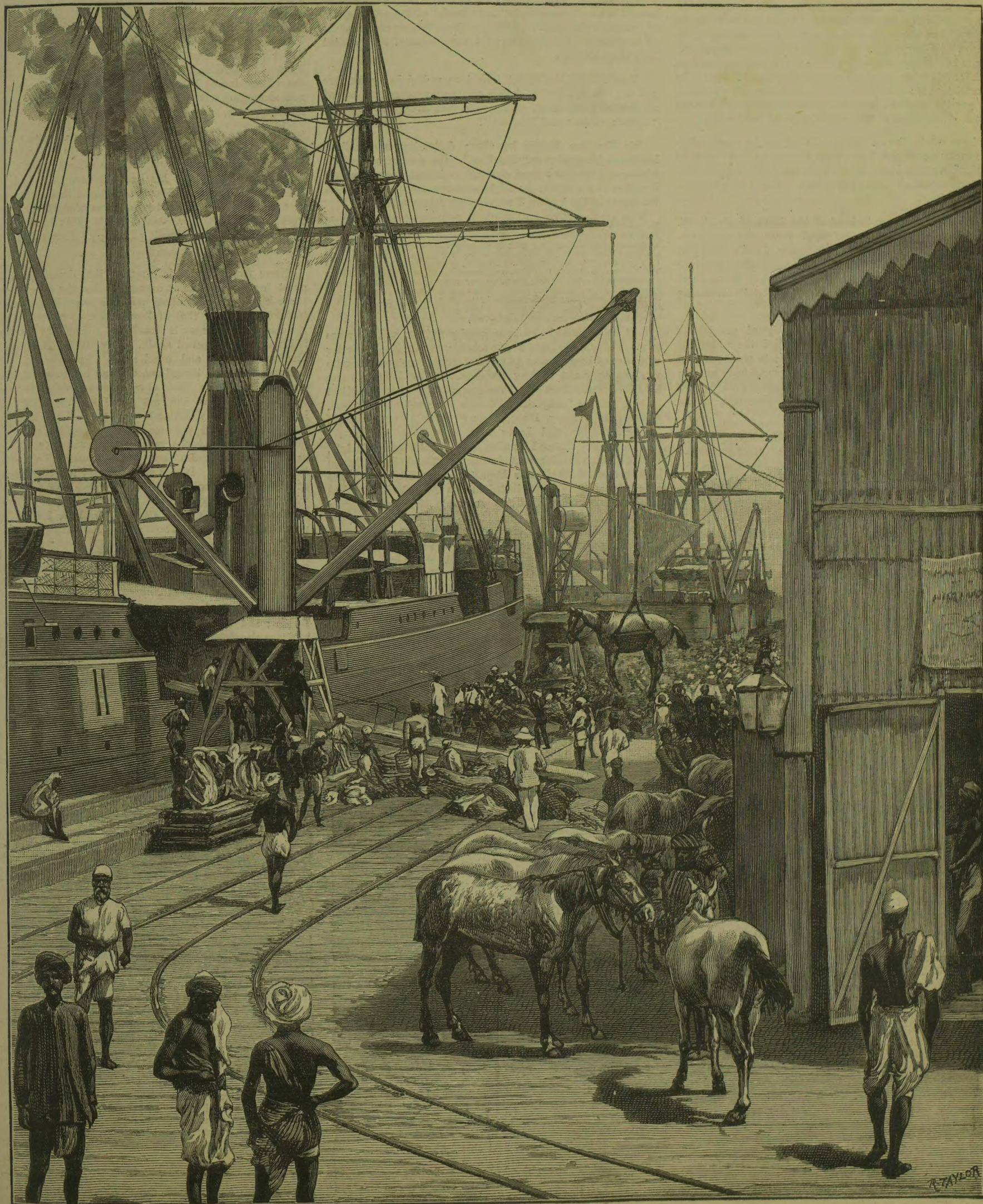
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WHOLE SHEETS } By Post, 6d.



INDIAN TROOPS FOR BURMAH: THE 7th BENGAL CAVALRY EMBARKING AT CALCUTTA ON BOARD THE STEAM-SHIP NERBUDDA.

ECHOES OF THE WEEK.

King Louis Philippe was noted for the prodigality with which he conferred the Cross of the Legion of Honour on all sorts and conditions of people; and this liberality in decoration suggested one of the best jokes that ever appeared in the witty pages of *Punch*. A Cross of the Legion was picked up in the street at some French watering-place (I think at Boulogne); and *Punch*, noticing the circumstance, congratulated our neighbours on the certainty of there being at least one Frenchman who was not in possession of the Cross of the Legion.

As of crosses, so, in degree, of statues in the land of the lively Gaul. A monumental effigy of the well-known musical composer and *chef d'orchestre*, Hector Berlioz, has just been set up in the Square Vintimille, in Paris. The sculptor is Mr. Alfred Lenoir; and he has represented the deceased *maestro* with one elbow leaning on the conductor's desk, while his forehead rests on his hand. A thoughtful attitude. I have seen Berlioz many a time and oft; and Mr. Lenoir's statue, to judge from the engravings in the French illustrated papers, is very like the distinguished original. But did not Dantan the Elder model a wonderful caricature bust of Berlioz? The unveiling of the composer's statue prompts me to ask what many people may think to be a desperately silly question. It is one, nevertheless, which for full thirty years has exasperatingly puzzled me. Do the musicians in an orchestra or the performers in a military band pay the slightest attention to the variously accented motions of the bâton of the conductor or the bandmaster?

I have sat in the orchestra stalls of nearly every opera-house in the world, and I never saw a musician look, while he was playing, at the leader of the orchestra. He kept his eyes fixed on the sheet of music before him. Please to enlighten me, somebody.

I am sincerely sorry to hear of the death of Mr. E. W. Godwin, F.S.A., an architect of much merit, and an archaeologist of considerable erudition and acumen. I had a slight passage of arms with the deceased gentleman, once, about the proper habit of a Franciscan monk; but we differed in the politest manner, and I never ceased to admire Mr. Godwin's talents, or to appreciate the geniality of his disposition.

The newspapers have been full lately of paragraphs touching the doings of a gentleman styled the "King of Greece." Would it be so very hypercritical to point out that there is no such person as the "King of Greece," but that the Sovereign of the interesting country whence we obtain the bulk of our supply of currants is His Majesty King of the Hellenes—*Βασιλεὺς τῶν Ἑλλήνων*?

I read in the *Morning Post* a curiously interesting article on the "Art of Mnemonics," from which I cull the following—

We do not, of course, wish to confound all systems of mnemonics together. The moderns have made considerable strides in reducing the cumbrous machinery which has so cramped its successful operation. The Greeks and Romans relied chiefly on mental signs and pictures; taking, for instance, some imaginary house, they were wont to associate some definite idea with every door, window, ceiling, or floor. This, it must be confessed, appears hopelessly fantastic.

Not quite so hopeless as the cultured writer of the article in question might imagine. The "imaginary house" (which belongs to the topical system of Simonides) was habitually used by Charles Dickens when he had an important speech to prepare. He would fill the various rooms of this ideal mansion with consecutive ideas and illustrations; then take a walk on Hampstead-heath, and "spout" the speech to the ambient air; and ultimately deliver the oration to a delighted audience. Next to John Bright, who, I have been told, only learns the perorations of his speeches by heart, Charles Dickens was the best public speaker that ever I listened to. I have heard Brougham, both in public and in private; but not until he had passed his eightieth year.

Mem.: I have made a trial of most of the systems of artificial memory; and I am afraid that few of them are good for anything, so far as "staying" qualities are concerned. What you learn by the aid of mnemonics alone the memory rarely retains. There are, of course, exceptions to this rule. Among the phenomena of that wonderful faculty of the memory is a seemingly incurable inability to remember certain things—notably, proper names and places; but the defect may sometimes be vanquished by means of mnemonics.

For example, I had battled for many years against the incapacity to remember the names of Pigault Lebrun, the novelist of the first Empire, and of Duplessis-Bertaux, the noted draughtsman of the First Revolution. By an adaptation of the system of Simonides and the inflexible exercise of the will, I was enabled at last to remember, and to retain the remembrance, of these two names. In the case of the novelist, I remembered that "Mon Oncle Thomas" and "Les Barons de Felsheim" were very coarse books, and that their author was altogether a swinish person; so I willed to think of him as a pig. Then I remembered that he was librarian to Jerome, King of Westphalia; and I arbitrarily willed that his official uniform should be brown, embroidered with gold. At once I stamped it on my memory, "Pig Gold Brown."

In the case of Duplessis-Bertaux the task was much easier. I had but to remember that the family name of Cardinal Richelieu was Duplessis. Then I formed a mental image of Richelieu riding on a bear placed on a colossal human toe—"Duplessis Bear Toe." This to the uninitiated may appear mere midsummer madness; but Mr. Stokes will understand my meaning well enough. Finally, I would advise all young people who want to remember things to deal with systems of artificial memory as somebody once proposed to deal with the cucumber. There were twenty-two ways of dressing the vegetable; and when you had tried all the processes the best thing to do was to throw the cucumber out of the window. Cultivate your memories, young Sirs and Mesdames, by sedulous study and unremitting discipline of the will.

The kind people who sent me stamps and postal orders to hand to "G. B." of Whitehall-place, for the benefit of the poor old blind net-maker of St. Martin's, whose faithful dog died, will be glad to hear that the afflicted but cheery old fellow has at length got a thoroughly eligible four-footed friend and guide. "G. B." has obtained for him a shaggy young Dandie Dinmont—intelligent, docile, and remarkably "spry"; so, to paraphrase Puck, in the "Midsummer Night's Dream," "The man has got his dog again, and all will go well."

"Has any explanation," writes "Pharos," "ever been attempted for Nelson and Napoleon wearing their cocked hats, as I may say, 'transversely,' and not 'fore and aft,' as other officers? Napoleon adopted it whilst still First Consul, as engravings of the time will prove."

Estimable but unknown "Pharos," Nelson and Napoleon were not in any way peculiar in wearing their cocked hats athwart instead of fore and aft. I have engraved contemporary portraits of Lord Howe in a cocked hat worn "transversely," and another of General Burgoyne, whose cocked hat is the very "spit" and "fetch" of the *petit chapeau* of Napoleon the Great; while in a single volume of the works of Rowlandson, the caricaturist, I have counted sixty cocked hats worn athwart.

Mem.: Is not the French term for a cocked hat, worn fore and aft, "en bataille"? And is not the three-cornered hat of an English gentleman's coachman in gala livery known as an "Egham, Staines, and Windsor"?

Sir Theodore Martin has been delivering an excellent lecture at Llangollen on "Reading." The discourse was full of wise and sensible things, couched in eloquent language; yet I confess that I felt in the slightest degree staggered when, in the report of the lecture, I came on the following:—

What a different land would ours be if the thousands whose lives were listless and colourless, without aspirations and without hope, would turn from the ephemeral literature which dissipated and enervated their powers of thought and feeling, and seek to grow familiar with even a few of the authors "whose spirits rule from their tombs"! What nobler company could men and women desire than that of the great poets, the great historians, the great philosophers of the past? How would such companionship quicken their appreciation of what is true worth in our contemporary literature, and save them from wasting the precious hours and bringing creeping paralysis on their brains by steeping themselves in the trivialities of flimsy magazines and catchpenny novels, that grow up and perish like the summer fly—things without name, no more remembered.

I hold these remarks to be eminently unjust; and the more so when they come from a ripe scholar and delightful writer who is an old "magazine hand," and whose accomplished wife was not long ago writing essays on English Dramatic Art in *Blackwood*. Does Sir Theodore consider that periodical to be a "flimsy" magazine? Unless I am mistaken, Wilson, Aytoun, De Quincey, Hogg, Moir ("Delta"), Walter Scott, Maginn, Bulwer, and Lever were among the contributors to *Blackwood*. Unless I blunder, Maginn, Thackeray, Carlyle, Father Prout, and Gleig wrote in *Fraser*. Unless I err, Charles Lamb wrote in the *London Magazine*; and Campbell's "Last Man" was originally published in the *New Monthly*. And who, in conjunction with Aytoun, wrote the "Bon Gaultier Ballads," Sir Theodore Martin? That there have been and are "flimsy" magazines and "catchpenny" novels, who shall deny? But, taking it for all in all, we have the noblest magazine, periodical, and newspaper literature in the whole world; and—mark this, Sir Theodore!—for every hundredweight of good which you can show me from the "spirits who rule from their tombs," I will take the liberty of directing your attention to a ton of antique literary ribaldry, stupidity, and nonsense.

"J. G. W." (Llanwenllwss, Anglesey) tells me that he has a curious relic which came from the Crimea in the time of the war; and which seems to be "a kind of devotional appliance," and he is anxious to know whether the relic is of any antiquity. He sends me a sketch of the "relic," with a description as follows:—

It is made of brass, and consists of a centre and two wings, which hinge and can be closed over the front. In the centre there is an ecclesiastical figure; and above there is the representation of a kind of mask—or, it may be, a skull; on each of the wings there are the busts of six figures, which, together, I presume, represent the twelve Apostles.

I should say that the "relic" is not of any great antiquity, and not of much value. Brass "devotional appliances" of the kind described by my correspondent are made every year by the ton-weight in Southern Russia, just as devotional pictures or "icones" are painted by the thousand at Kieff. I have several of these "devotional appliances," which did not cost more than a few roubles each.

A curious correspondence is in progress in the leading journal touching the expediency, or otherwise, of diplomatists being linguists. Dr. Hyde Clarke—*clarum et venerabile nomen*—questions whether there was ever a British Ambassador at St. Petersburg who spoke Russian, or any English Elchi at Constantinople who spoke Turkish. Well, as regards Petropolis, her Majesty's representatives were for many years absolved from the trouble of learning Russ by the presence at the Legation of an accomplished second secretary, named T. Michell, who spoke Russian as fluently as he spoke English. And I hope that Mr. Michell's brother is still on the banks of the Neva doing good linguistic service to the Embassy of H.B.M.

I do not know whether the Earl of Dufferin acquired any knowledge of the Muscovite tongue while he was Ambassador in the capital of the Tsar; but I remember his Excellency telling me in St. Petersburg, in 1883, that Prince Bismarck, when he was Prussian Minister to Russia, acquired a thorough knowledge of the language. And thereby hangs a tale.

To understand the gist of the little apologue, you must bear in mind that the Russian peasant always wears his shirt (which is usually of red calico), not inside but outside his nether garments. When Lord Dufferin was on his way to Petersburg to present his credentials to the Tsar, he made a brief halt at Berlin; paid a visit to Prince Bismarck, and asked him frankly to give him some insight into the real character of the people among whom he was to sojourn. "Well, my dear

Lord," replied the Imperial Chancellor; "the Russian is a good fellow—a very good fellow—*till he tucks his shirt in*." One of the shrewdest things, I apprehend, that "the Man of Blood and Iron" ever said. He meant that the Russian peasant, with his shirt outside his galligaskins, was a brave, faithful, affectionate fellow (he is fifty millions strong in Europe alone); but that the average Russian gentleman, who "tucks his shirt in," and wears in addition evening dress, with patent-leather shoes, and a Gibus hat, or a military uniform, plastered all over with gold lace and decorations, is about as consummate a rascal as the eye ever saw or that the ear ever heard of.

Mem. I.: When I had the honour, last March, of meeting the Viceroy of India, at Calcutta, his Excellency was learning Persian, and making rapid progress in that beautiful language—the French of the East. *Ancora imparo!* Was not that the epigraph attached by Michael Angelo, when he was past eighty years of age, to a little drawing which he made of himself, as a child in a go-cart. *Ancora imparo.* I will learn Dutch before I die, or there shall be howling in Holland.

Mem. II.: The English newspaper correspondents in St. Petersburg, than who I do not know a more courteous and clever group of gentlemen, all speak Russ fluently. They learn it by dwelling for six months in a village; abiding at the village inn or boarding with the *starosta*, or headman; and struggling with the most difficult language in Europe morning, noon, and night.

Mem. III.: The Earl of Malmesbury has been cited as one of the diplomatists and statesmen who to his other qualifications adds a widely-extended familiarity with foreign languages. But did not his Lordship once publicly deprecate the systematic study of French, and insist that children ought to "pick up" the Gallic tongue from their French nurses? Perhaps he had been over-bored in his youth by stories about his ancestor, the learned philologist Harris, who wrote "Hermes."

News from Dundee informs us that deerstalking in the great forest of Athole is now closed for the season, and that there have been a hundred and two stags killed, which is a better return than that of last season. I am very glad that the deerstalking season is closed; and I should be heartily glad if it were never opened again. Deerstalking is, I take it, an idle, mischievous, and cruel sport. Thousands of Scotch peasants have been turned out of their holdings and driven to emigrate in order that deer forests might be formed. Deerstalking killed the art of Edwin Landseer. After he went to the Highlands he painted little else save brutal, bloodthirsty pictures of stags rending each other in pieces. And what is the value of venison as food? Ladies, as a rule, loathe it. Do you taste a haunch of venison once in a twelvemonth? Does a venison pasty make its appearance at more than one out of ten thousand breakfast-tables? And who buys the scraggy necks of venison which I have seen displayed at a fishmonger's in Whitehall at, I think, sevenpence-halfpenny a pound?

That dear old Great Eastern has come to grief again. The great ship seems to have become what mercantile mariners call "a tramp;" and she is now, as a floating show, wandering about from port to port in a deplorably shiftless manner. She nearly bumped her poor old life out against the North Wall at Dublin; and the good citizens of Eblana seem to resent her presence altogether, since the authorities have refused to grant her a license to sell alcoholic stimulants. I have a suggestion to make as to the future of this gruesome galleon. Put the Greek Gipsies on board her; cut her loose; and let her drift away "promiscuous."

"A. G. K." (Penmaenmaur) is a very curious correspondent, indeed; first, he wants to know what an "izard" is. He finds the word in Mrs. Radcliff's "Mysteries of Udolpho." The "izard" or "izzard" is, I take it, the wild goat of the Pyrenees; the ibex. Secondly, "A. G. K." is anxious to know what Mr. Thackeray meant when he wrote, in "Vanity Fair" (edition of 1884, vol. I., p. 199), "and the carriage drove on, taking the road down Piccadilly, where Apsley House and St. George's Hospital wore red jackets still?" The only Thackeray that I possess is the *Edition de Luxe*; and there is nothing about Piccadilly, Apsley House, or St. George's Hospital at page 199 of vol. I. Perhaps some owner of a library edition of the works of the great novelist will kindly help me to enlighten "A. G. K."

I want to say something about the amount of police protection which is enjoyed by the metropolitan ratepayer. I have lived for years in the easternmost square of the W.C. district, next door but one to the garden of the Foundling Hospital. On Tuesday, Oct. 19, I was dictating my work in the dining-room, which I have turned into a library. The afternoon was muggy, and one of the windows was open. Existence was suddenly rendered a burden, and the continuity of the "Echoes" imperilled, by the howling, bawling, and shrieking of a small gang of roughs, including a boy remarkably resembling the Artful Dodger, who were slowly working their way round the square pretending to sing hymns, and incidentally mentioning from time to time that they belonged to the great army of the unemployed. Half deafened by their din, I went to the window, and besought the brawlers to go away. They insolently refused to move on; and I was furthermore assailed with a flood of horribly filthy language. Then two of their number began to knock at the street door.

I determined, on public grounds, to give these two ruffians into custody; and I invite the attention of the Chief Commissioner of the Police to the fact that one entire hour—five p.m. to six p.m.—elapsed before the servant who had been dispatched in quest of a police-constable could find one; and him she only found by going to Hunter-street Police Station. Possibly the police were too busily engaged in hammering out with their truncheons the brains of harmless little dogs to be on their beat in my neighbourhood.

G. A. S.

THE EDINBURGH EXHIBITION.

No country in the world is more assertive of its nationality than Scotland, and the accidents of its history and the whole tenor of its national life and story, whether it blazes forth in the glory of Bannockburn, or is shrouded in the gloom of Flodden Field, tend to keep the sentiment persistently alive.

Scotland has its continentally acknowledged school of philosophy, and has created the modern science of political economy. It has, too, its school of painting; and if its music lack the learned qualities which would raise it to a like dignity, its striking individuality is recognised and welcomed the wide world over. Its system of banking, its achievements in ship-building, engineering, and manufactures, all bear the national stamp; and that stamp carries them with honour everywhere.

And what of the Edinburgh Exhibition? Let us devote a few words to it and its contents. First and foremost, then, the Edinburgh Exhibition has been an emphatic success. When it closes, at the end of this month, there will probably be a surplus of £25,000, which is cent per cent on the original outlay. This happy result will come of the wise management, judgment, and foresight of the projectors.

First of all, they did wisely in securing the goodwill of the commercial capital of Scotland by giving the architectural and engineering contracts of the building to citizens of Glasgow; and Mr. Burnett and Mr. Lindsay have more than justified the high estimate formed of their respective abilities. Secondly, knowing well that in the internal details of a great exhibition building large sums vanish in the most unaccountable manner, the Administrative Committee, instead of asking for contracts in certain departments, offered, unwinkingly, the great advantages of advertisement and international publicity to whoever would carry out the sanitary and certain other detailed arrangements gratuitously.

But the Edinburgh Exhibition is a great artistic, as well as a great commercial, success. The grand façade may have been suggested to the young architect by that of the Paris Palace of Industry; but, if so, he has worked in a perfectly independent spirit, and given features to his design of much architectural propriety, without for a moment sacrificing the individuality one expects to find in such a building. On entering the Grand Pavilion the effect is no less harmonious and striking. It is capable of accommodating 9000 people. At the south end is the magnificent organ by Bishop, of London, with its 3500 pipes, and over the door at the north end is placed Corman's large mural picture of the "Return from a Boar-Hunt in the Age of Stone," which we noticed when it adorned the Paris Salon; while underneath the dome stands a plaster cast of Stevenson's colossal statue of the national hero, Wallace. It is some nineteen feet in height; will be cast in bronze, and ultimately erected on a mound in the centre of Duthie Park, Aberdeen.

In the same Pavilion are ranged the show-cases of the various Edinburgh silversmiths and workers in precious stones; and those of our readers who have sauntered down Prince's-street will readily understand the rich and varied effect of this endless display of Celtic brooches, dirks and sporans, silver-mounted and bejewelled ram's heads, and all the rest of the bravery generally associated with the Highlander. Pure Celtic design, in silver and other metals, seems to have lingered among the hills till within the last century or two, and many of the personal and other ornaments which we see are but reproductions of objects originally fashioned by humble hands.

Examples of the sculptor's art are scattered with telling effect all over the building; but those of the painter and his subsidiaries are judiciously hung in a series of well-lit rooms which surround the whole of the Pavilion. Industrial art, and manufacturing products generally, we need not enter upon. They are contained in spacious buildings apart, or in immediate connection with the Central Pavilion, and represent, in great profusion and variety, all these objects of human ingenuity which one generally meets with in International Exhibitions.

The feature, however, which most attracts the attention of the perfringent Scot is that representing "Old Edinburgh." "Old London," for the practical inception of which the metropolis is indebted to Mr. George Shaw, Master of the Plumbers' Company, was no doubt the inspiration of "Old Edinburgh"; but the latter has elements of an individual historic interest lacking in the original. The Nether Bow, for instance, modelled in the old French manner, a style dear to the Scottish people, but unknown to English architectural practice, carries us back to the days of the gallant Montrose and on to those of Bonnie Prince Charlie. The pen of Walter Scott, too, has added to its renown, and the reader will remember his vivid description of the Porteous mob in "The Heart of Midlothian." Then there are the chapel, and the house of the French Ambassador, Robert Gourlay's house, Cardinal Beaton's house, the Earl of Selkirk's house, the old Mint, and the Oratory of Mary of Guise. Here, too, is the Black Turnpike, from a window of which Mary Stuart gazed on the town for the last time, after her surrender at Carberry Hill. The officers and attendants with whom one rubs shoulders in this mediæval vision of wood, paint, and plaster, are all attired in appropriate historic costume; and when night falls, and the moon rises—a marvellous electrical contrivance, which "Old Edinburgh" claims as its own—and turret and gable spring out of the ebony gloom into the silver witchery of moonlight, the vision becomes a startling reality. The author of all this glamour is Mr. Sydney Mitchell, architect.

The Fine-Art Section is the largest and most complete ever assembled in Edinburgh, and would do honour to any city. The Scottish School ranges from George Jamesone to Sir Noel Paton. The fine imaginative genius of the Queen's historic painter is well represented, and we find in the late Thomas Duncan a kindred spirit whose famous Prince Charlie pictures will long keep his memory green. Mr. Walter Paton brings much of his brother's poetic faculty to bear on Scottish landscape, a branch of art in which the school has won almost as many laurels as it has done in portraiture. In the latter Sir Henry Raeburn and Sir J. Watson Gordon—not to mention the Spanish Phillip, and others—will long hold their own. In short, Scottish art was never seen to such advantage, whether we look at painting, sculpture, or etching.

The English School ranges from William Hogarth to D. G. Rossetti and James McNeil Whistler—including, moreover, an artist new to us, named Solomon S. Solomon, whose "Convallescent," a lady and child, showing white upon white, is a work of a decidedly high order. The French, Dutch, and Belgian sections are equally well represented; and examples of all the men—Corot especially—who have been conspicuous in the Continental schools during the last generation or two, abound on the walls. The Loan Collection, in every department, is most ample and varied; and embraces, including her Majesty the Queen, most of the famous collectors of the country. The citizens of the Scottish capital, in fine, have acquitted themselves nobly; and when Glasgow and Liverpool come forward, as they intend doing, with their respective shows, they will find it hard to beat the International Exhibition of Edinburgh.

J. F. R.

EMBARKING CAVALRY AT CALCUTTA.

The British India Steam Navigation Company's steam-ship *Nerbudda*, on Sept. 10, at Calcutta, took on board the third squadron of the 7th Bengal Cavalry, for conveyance to Rangoon, as part of the reinforcements of the British Army in Upper Burmah. The squadron, consisting of 270 men and horses, under the command of Captain Chalmers and Lieutenant Cole, had arrived at Calcutta that morning, and they were all on board at one o'clock in the afternoon, the steamer leaving the jetty at half-past one. The *Nerbudda*, under the command of Captain T. C. Sharp, also conveyed to Burmah a company of Sappers, commanded by Lieutenant Petrie. She returned from Rangoon to Calcutta on the 19th ult., and then embarked the first squadron of the 7th Bengal Cavalry, with Colonel Graham, the commanding officer of that regiment. The port of Calcutta has been very busy with the dispatch of troops for Burmah, to the amount of some fifteen thousand in the months of September and October. An illustration of the Cavalry embarking in the *Nerbudda* appears on our front page.

NEW TOWNHALL, EASTBOURNE.

Our illustration represents the handsome building erected at this agreeable and fashionable seaside town for the Municipal Corporation. The opening of the New Townhall was on Wednesday last, when the leading part in the ceremony was performed by the Mayor, Alderman George Boulton. His Worship afterwards entertained a large company at luncheon, and there was a ball in the evening, followed on Thursday and Friday by other entertainments of a popular character. Some further account of the building may be given in our next. The architect is Mr. W. S. Foulkes, of Birmingham. Our illustration is from a photograph by Mr. G. Churchill, of Eastbourne.

THE COURT.

The Queen, accompanied by Princess Beatrice and Princess Irene of Hesse, drove to the Glassalt Shiel on Friday morning last week, returning to the castle after luncheon. Late in the afternoon, the Grand Duke of Hesse, Prince Henry and Prince Francis Joseph of Battenberg joined her Majesty at the Glassalt. Last Saturday the Queen went out in the morning with Princess Beatrice. Her Majesty, accompanied by Princess Beatrice and Princess Irene of Hesse, and attended by the Hon. Ethel Cadogan, drove out in the afternoon. Divine service was conducted on Sunday morning, in the presence of the Queen, the Royal family, and the household, by the Rev. Dr. Cameron Lees, of St. Giles's, Edinburgh, Dean of the Thistle and Chapel Royal, and one of the Queen's Chaplains. In the afternoon, the Queen, Princess Irene, Princess Beatrice, the Grand Duke of Hesse, and Prince Henry and Prince Francis Joseph of Battenberg visited Princess Frederica at Abergeldie Mains. The Queen, accompanied by Princess Irene and the Hon. Ethel Cadogan, drove in an open carriage, on Monday afternoon, to the Linn of Dee, where, notwithstanding a heavy rainfall, tea was served. Lord Salisbury has taken the place of Lord Cross, as Minister in attendance on the Queen.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, with their three daughters, arrived in London on Friday morning last week. Last Saturday the Duke of Cambridge visited the Prince and Princess, and remained to luncheon. Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne) and the Marquis of Lorne dined with their Royal Highnesses. The Prince presided at a meeting of the Council of his Royal Highness, held at Marlborough House. In the evening their Royal Highnesses, accompanied by Prince Albert Victor, Princess Louise, and the Marquis of Lorne, visited the Prince of Wales's Theatre to witness "La Béarnaise." On Sunday morning the Prince and Princess, with their three daughters, were present at Divine service. The Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz and the Duke of Cambridge afterwards visited the Prince and Princess, and remained to luncheon. The Prince left Marlborough House on Monday afternoon on a visit to Mr. A. Savile at Rufford Abbey, Notts.

Admiral the Duke of Edinburgh, Commander-in-Chief of the Mediterranean, and the squadron under his command, left Cephalonia last Saturday for Corfu.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught have been staying at Simla on a visit to the Viceroy.

FASHIONABLE MARRIAGES.

The marriage of Lord Hopetoun, one of the Lords-in-Waiting to the Queen, to the Honourable Hersey De Moleyns, third daughter of Lord and Lady Ventry, took place on Monday, at All Saints' Church, Knightsbridge, in the presence of a large and fashionable congregation. The service was choral. The bride, who was conducted to the altar and given away by her father, was dressed in a rich white satin dress, veiled with white *crêpe de Chine*, with a tulle veil fastened with a diamond star, the gift of the bridegroom. The bridesmaids were the Honourable Mildred De Moleyns, the Honourable Maud De Moleyns, sisters of the bride; Lady Estella Hope, Lady Dorothea Hope, sisters of the bridegroom; and Misses Miriam and Elsie Birch Reynardson—all of whom wore white *surah* dresses trimmed with lace, white *moiré* sashes, and white hats to match. Mr. E. Sebright acted as best man. Among those present were the Duke and Duchess of Teck and the Duke and Duchess of Buckingham. The wedding presents were numerous.

On Tuesday afternoon, at St. Peter's Church, Eaton-square, Major the Hon. Montagu Curzon, Rifle Brigade (the elder of the two sons of the first Earl Howe, by his second marriage with the Hon. Anne Gore), was married to Esmé, youngest daughter of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Horatio Fitzroy. Lord Arthur Somerset was the best man; and there were eight bridesmaids—namely, Miss Helen Fitzroy, sister; Lady Cynthia Duncombe and Miss Lina Stewart, cousins; and Miss Rosalind Lloyd Anstruther, niece of the bride; Lady Evelyn Curzon and Lady Alexandra Hamilton, nieces of the bridegroom; Miss Mariquita Grenfell, and Miss Christie.

The marriage of Colonel the Hon. Evelyn E. T. Boscawen, C.B., Coldstream Guards, eldest son of Viscount Falmouth, with the Hon. Kathleen Douglas-Pennant, eldest daughter of Lord Penrhyn, took place on the same day, in St. Paul's Church, Knightsbridge. The Hon. John Boscawen was best man to his brother; and the bridesmaids were the Hons. Alice, Hilda, Ina, Violet, Gwynedd, and Lilian Douglas-Pennant, sisters of the bride; and Miss Nesta Williams, niece of the bridegroom.

On the same day, the marriage of Mr. J. A. Pease, second son of Sir Joseph W. Pease, Bart., M.P., and Miss Havelock, only daughter of Sir Henry Havelock-Allan, Bart., M.P., and Lady Alice Havelock-Allan, took place at the parish church, Darlington. The wedding presents numbered over 300.

In London 2456 births and 1274 deaths were registered last week. Allowing for increase of population, the births were 247 and the deaths 244 below the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years.

MUSIC.

THE LEEDS TRIENNIAL FESTIVAL.

This great celebration took place, as already recorded, last week; our comments being necessarily reserved until now. The first of the novelties was a secular cantata, entitled "The Story of Sayid," the words freely adapted, by Mr. Joseph Bennett, from Mr. Edwin Arnold's "Pearls of the Faith," the music composed by Dr. A. C. Mackenzie. The work contains some very dramatic writing, alike in its choral, orchestral, and solo details, the latter comprising much that is graceful and melodious. Especially effective in performance were the chorus of the people in the early part of the work, Ilmas' important solos, "First of his prophet's warriors" and "Ay, sweet indeed is love," Sayid's solo, "Where sets the Sun?" the chorus for female voices, "Sweet the balmy days of Spring," the impressive "solemn march," and the love-duet for Ilmas and Sayid—not to mention other pieces. The music for the two characters specified was finely rendered respectively by Madame Albani and Mr. McGuckin; that for Sawa having been efficiently sung by Mr. W. Mills; some subordinate passages were assigned to Mr. I. McKay and Mr. D. Billington. The cantata (conducted by the composer) was received with enthusiasm.

Next in order of production was Dr. C. V. Stanford's setting, for chorus and orchestra, of Tennyson's poem "The Revenge," in which the composer has fully maintained the position gained by previous compositions, especially by his oratorio "The Three Holy Children," brought out at last year's Birmingham Festival. The choral writing and the elaborate orchestral details of the cantata are full of interest, the general style of the music being happily reflective of the robust English spirit of the poem. This work also met with an enthusiastic reception, and was likewise conducted by the composer.

Yesterday (Friday) week brought forward, at the morning performance, Antonin Dvorák's new oratorio "Saint Ludmila." The text deals with the conversion to Christianity of the Bohemian saint and her husband in the ninth century; and the several scenes provided by the book are associated with some highly effective music, in which the composer has occasionally realised finely contrasted effects; the dramatic element, however, being but slightly perceptible. The principal characters are Ludmila, Svatava (her attendant), Prince Borivoj, and Ivan (the Christian hermit). The music for these was finely sung, respectively, by Madame Albani, Madame Patey, Mr. E. Lloyd, and Mr. Santley. The composer has been most successful in the earlier portion of his work, the climax to the first part being especially fine. The interest afterwards falls off greatly, and considerable condensation will be required to render the oratorio permanently attractive. The general style of the music is largely reflective of that of several classics of the past; the individuality of its Bohemian author being less apparent than in other of his works. It was conducted by the composer, and was most favourably received.

The most important festival novelty was reserved for the closing day (Saturday), when Sir Arthur Sullivan's cantata, "The Golden Legend," was produced. Here, again, Mr. Joseph Bennett is the librettist. His book is excellently adapted for musical purposes, the materials being taken from Longfellow's celebrated poem, and arranged with judicious selection and compression. The principal characters in the cantata are—Elsie, Ursula (her mother), Prince Henry, and Lucifer; the music for whom was assigned, respectively, to Madame Albani, Madame Patey, Mr. E. Lloyd, and Mr. F. King. The music abounds in striking dramatic effects for chorus and orchestra, the solo voices having, also, much that is interesting. The elaborate and picturesque instrumental details are prominent features in several instances, notably in the Prologue, with its wild unearthly music for Lucifer and the powers of the air, and the sonorous effects of the bells recurring with varied use of the four notes. The Evening Hymn (unaccompanied), and the choral music—with the picturesque orchestral accessories—of the remainder of the cantata, produced a specially fine effect, the impressive choral epilogue forming a grand climax. The solo music is full of charm and variety. From among many instances we may particularise Elsie's prayer "My Redeemer," the duets for her and Prince Henry, in scenes 3 and 6, Ursula's solo "Virgin, who lovest the poor and lowly," and Lucifer's mocking song. The cantata is replete with interest from beginning to end; it is certainly one of Sir Arthur Sullivan's finest productions, and will doubtless obtain permanent success. It and the composer were enthusiastically received.

Each of the new works above referred to was conducted by its composer. All of them will soon have to be spoken of again in reference to their London performance. A novelty of smaller calibre at the Leeds Festival was a concert-overture composed by Mr. F. K. Hattersley (a young Yorkshire musician), which was welcomed by a friendly audience.

Other important performances were (in the mornings) Handel's "Israel in Egypt," Bach's Mass in B minor, and the first part of Mendelssohn's "St. Paul"; this composer's "Elijah" having closed the festival on Saturday evening. Other interesting and familiar items made up the schemes of the miscellaneous evening concerts. The singing of the Yorkshire choristers was generally worthy of their high reputation, and the performances of the fine band realised the high anticipations formed from the preparatory London orchestral rehearsals. Besides the solo vocalists already mentioned, Miss Anna Williams, Mrs. Hutchinson, Miss H. Wilson, Miss Damian, and Mr. Brereton contributed to some of the performances. The general duties of conductor were ably fulfilled by Sir Arthur Sullivan; Dr. Spark and Mr. Cliffe having officiated as organists, and Mr. Broughton as choir-master.

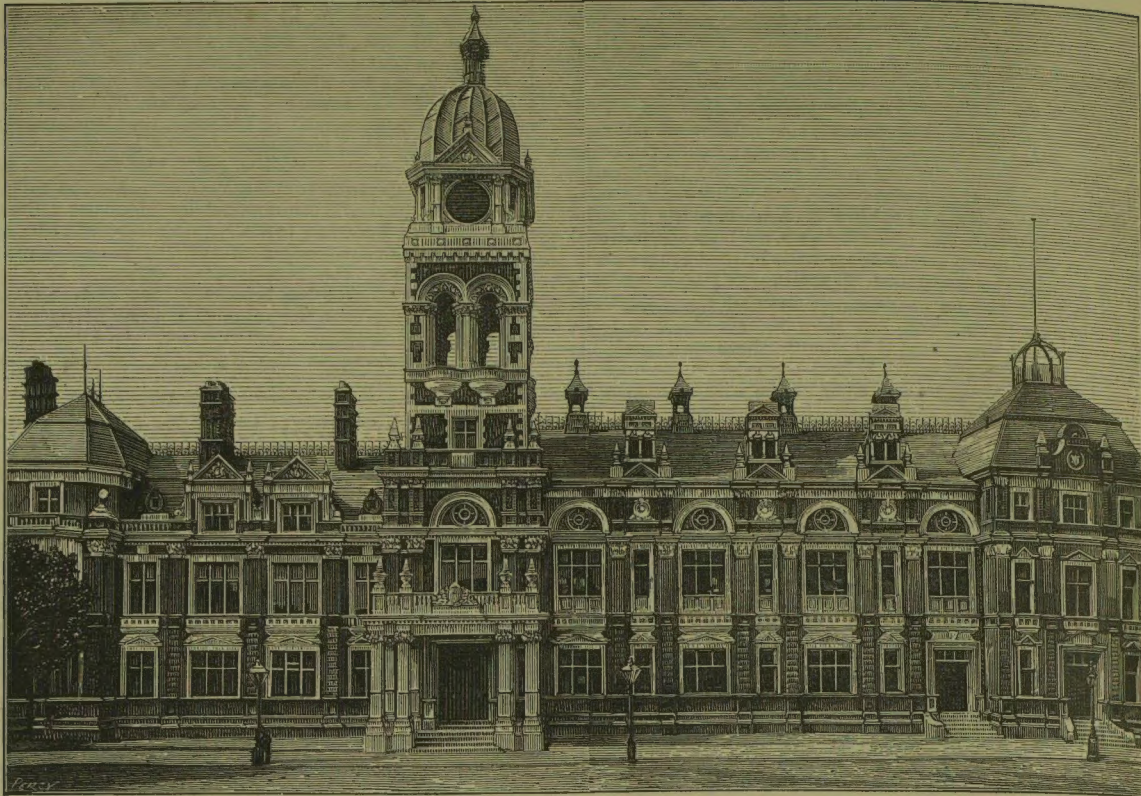
The Crystal Palace Saturday afternoon concerts entered on their thirty-first season last week. Sterndale Bennett's overture "The Naiades," Beethoven's first symphony, and some characteristic ballet movements from M. Massenet's "Le Cid," were the orchestral pieces. Miss Fanny Davies gave an excellent rendering of Schumann's Pianoforte Concerto in A and some unaccompanied solos; and Miss Ella Russell, the American prima donna, made her first appearance at these concerts, and sang—with the same success as at the recent season at our Royal Italian Opera—Verdi's "Caro nome," Proch's air with variations, and—as an encore—"Home, sweet home." Mr. Manns was cordially welcomed on his reappearance as conductor.—This week's concert will be rendered tributary to the memory of Liszt.

Signor Bottesini's remarkable performances on the double bass have been special features at last week's Covent-Garden Promenade Concerts. The second oratorio night was announced for this week, with "Elijah"—Mr. A. Gwyllym Crowe's benefit having taken place on Monday, that of Mr. W. F. Thomas (the lessee) being fixed for next Monday, when the season will close.

A specialty next week will be Mr. Ambrose Austin's concert at the Royal Albert Hall on Wednesday evening, when Madame Adelina Patti will make her last appearance in London previous to her departure for America. The attractions are great and varied.



ACROSS SOUTH AFRICA ON A BICYCLE.



THE NEW TOWNHALL, EASTBOURNE.

THE POLITICAL CRISIS IN BULGARIA.

The Sketches published this week are by the same artist, M. Uikrickics, at Sofia, the capital of Bulgaria, whose pencil delineated the scenes that were shown in our Illustrations of last week and the week before. They exactly confirm the statements of several correspondents of the London daily papers with regard to the behaviour of the gang of peasants and strangers brought into the town on the day of the general elections, and encouraged by Russian agents to interrupt the voting at the polling-places. These men, whose language and demeanour were threatening, were regaled with drink at the Russian Consulate, and heard a speech from the Consul declaring that the elections would be made null and void; they went thence to attack the polling-places, and to stop the proceedings or to carry away the balloting-urns; but were defeated and repulsed, and took refuge again in the Russian Consulate, while those of their party who remained in the streets were hooted as traitors. General Kaulbars, in the meantime, left the capital for Plevna and the towns on the Danube. While on his journey he was met by several deputations; but nearly all the citizens of the towns and the municipalities presented addresses in favour of the

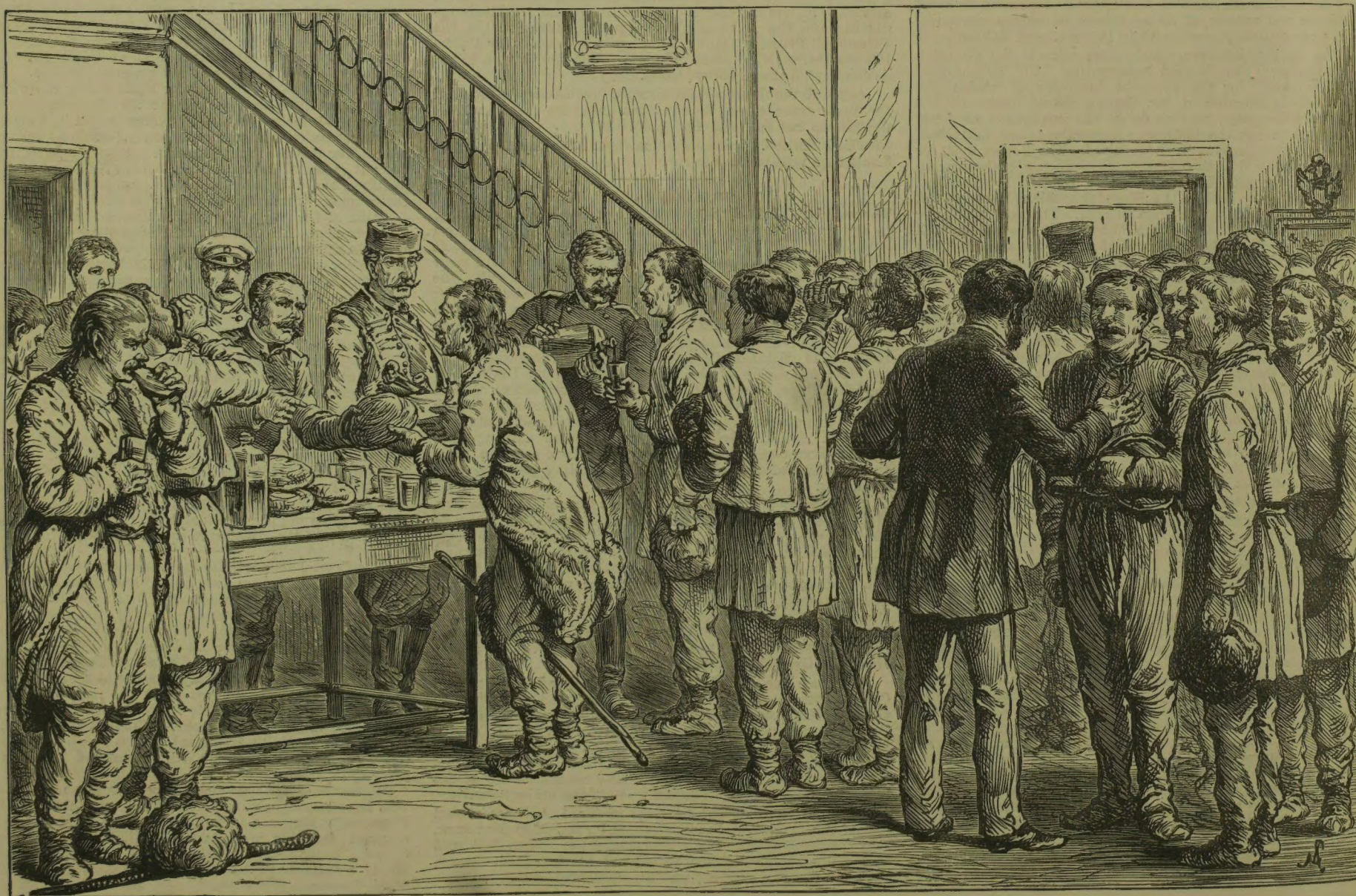
National Government, of the Council of Regency, and of free elections to the Sobranje or National Assembly. A few of the peasantry, on the other side, were induced to bring him addresses of a contrary purport, invoking the supreme direction of affairs by the Russian Imperial Government; and one of the Sketches represents such a submissive deputation.

BICYCLE-RIDING IN SOUTH AFRICA.

As in cricket-playing and in rowing, so likewise in the skilful art and healthy exercise of riding upon wheels, Colonial youth and manhood, in different quarters of the globe, keep up well with the similar performances of their brothers in England. Mr. J. F. Marshall and Mr. Broen, two members of the Cape Civil Service, lately made a bicycle trip from Cape Town to Port Elizabeth, a distance of nearly 600 miles, which they accomplished in eleven days and thirteen hours. This speed ought not to be compared with that of long bicycle journeys in Great Britain. Those who have experienced the difficulties of South African travelling will know that such an undertaking in that country involves great labour and fatigue, in climbing range after range of high mountains, and going over roads so

bad that it is often with difficulty the trek-oxen get along them; while considerable hardships must be endured from the intense heat, the want of water, and the bad accommodation, besides the forced walking over miles of sand and rocks, dragging the machines and knapsacks, and sometimes fording rivers. Two cyclists from Port Elizabeth, Messrs. Hallack and Girdlestone, occupied eighteen days and twelve hours in riding to Cape Town. We have to thank Mr. Marshall for a sketch of himself and his companion riding by the mail-cart road through the forest of Hontini, in the district of Knysna, which is one of the most beautiful parts of South Africa. The scenery here is very grand, and the forest, extending hundreds of miles, is still the haunt of the wild elephant, the leopard, the baboon, and various species of bucks and other large animals. The newly discovered gold-fields in this region have excited much activity of speculation. It should be mentioned that the bicycles used by Messrs. Marshall and Broen upon this occasion were specially made for them by Messrs. Singer and Co., of Coventry.

Mr. Swanston, of the Board of Trade, has been appointed chief of the new Fisheries Department of the Board.



THE RUSSIAN AGENTS IN BULGARIA: PEASANTS TREATED WITH DRINK AT THE RUSSIAN CONSULATE, SOFIA, DURING THE ELECTIONS.
FROM A SKETCH BY M. UIKRICKICS.



SKETCHES AT THE LEEDS MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

THE RECESS.

Like swallows on the wing, illustrious personages generally alight in London only to fly away again. A genial martyr to duty, Lord Iddesleigh alone is true to his post. The Marquis of Salisbury came from Dieppe last Saturday, merely to take train on Sunday night to Balmoral Castle, as Minister in attendance upon the Queen. Lord Hartington (virtually chief "sleeping partner" in the Ministerial firm) arrived south to hold council with Mr. Goschen at Devonshire House, and then resumed his course of country-house visitations preparatory to flight to India, which will plainly be the wintering-place of numerous statesmen unshackled by office. Mr. Gladstone, who has recovered from his chill at Hawarden, still harps on the Irish string, having reissued for one penny, through the National Press Agency, his pamphlet on "The Irish Question."

Lord Randolph Churchill, though unflagging in his efforts to maintain his privacy, whether in Berlin, Vienna, or Paris, still has the "fierce light" of publicity thrown upon him. In Home politics, he yet "holds the field." A golden opportunity was lost by the Earl of Rosebery, on Tuesday night, at the dinner of the Newcastle-upon-Tyne Liberal Club, whose enthusiasm he might have aroused had he formulated a Liberal programme to vie with the Dartford Radical speech of Lord Randolph Churchill. In lieu of doing justice to his courage and talents in this way, his Lordship contented himself simply with urging the conciliation of the "Liberal Unionists" with the Gladstonian Liberals. Meanwhile, the comprehensive Dartford address of the acute Chancellor of the Exchequer has won the qualified approval of Mr. Chaplin, and the cordial support of Lord Stanley of Preston at a Morecambe Primrose League meeting on Tuesday. Mr. Chamberlain, who is shrewdly suspected of having prompted Lord Randolph Churchill to foreshadow the Liberal legislation in question, is educating himself in the Bulgarian question at Constantinople; whilst Mr. Bright preserves his health by salmon-fishing in Scotland. Returning to the Ministry, a deserved tribute was paid to Sir Edward Clarke at Plymouth on Tuesday, when the Earl of Mount Edgecumbe, Sir Massey Lopes, and a large company attended a banquet given in honour of the highly-esteemed Solicitor-General.

The great problem of Imperial federation cannot fail to be solved by the help of such lucid, patriotic, and philosophic addresses at that which Captain William Clark delivered at the Colonial and Indian Exhibition last Monday on the wonderful natural resources of the Canadian North-West, a magnificent field for agricultural emigrants. The lecturer richly merited the hearty praise of Sir Philip Cunliffe-Owen, who has so thoroughly devoted himself to this Imperial Exhibition.

The Queen's diamond brooch in the Cape of Good Hope Court of the Colonial and Indian Exhibition, noticed last week, was designed by Mr. A. Thorning.

The Marquis of Abergavenny has bought Mr. Sydney Hodge's picture, "The Resting-Place of Beaconsfield," for presentation to the Constitutional Club.

Sir Oswald Brierly has been appointed upon the Committee for the Selection and Purchase of Pictures for the National Art Gallery of New South Wales.

Two incorrigible beggars, man and wife, were sentenced on Tuesday at the Southwark Police Court to a month's imprisonment each. The man had one of his arms in splints, as though broken, but the divisional surgeon found the arm perfectly sound, and the man well able to work.

The choir of St. Catherine's, Loughborough Park, on Monday evening last gave the first of a series of entertainments, to be given during the winter months, at Gresham Hall, Brixton. With the assistance of lady artistes, an excellent programme was gone through, and was much appreciated by a large audience.

The jury committee of the International Exhibition at Liverpool have issued their awards with a total of 614 gold medals, 684 silver medals, 443 bronze medals, and 317 honourable mentions. In the various sections of the British portion of the Exhibition the awards comprise 320 gold, 343 silver, and 228 bronze medals, with 191 honourable mentions.

The Queen has conferred the Albert medal of the second class upon Edward Scullion, a chemical labourer, in recognition of the conspicuous gallantry displayed by him on Aug. 9 in attempting to rescue two men and a boy who had been overcome by sulphur in the air-shaft of an unused sulphuretted hydrogen sewer connected with the works of the Newcastle and Gateshead Chemical Company.

Speaking at Leeds on Monday night, at the dinner of the Institution of Mechanical Engineers, over which he presided, the Marquis of Ripon, in proposing the toast of the institution, stated that of the £10,000 required for the establishment of an engineering department of the Yorkshire College, nearly £8000 had already been contributed by thirty-six firms and individuals in the neighbourhood of Leeds. Sir Andrew Fairbairn had given £1400 and Sir John Hawkshaw £1000, towards a chair of engineering.

The second annual toy dog show has been held this week at the Royal Aquarium, Westminster. The entries numbered about 230, or 100 in excess of those of last year. Among the best classes on exhibit were the pugs, the King Charles spaniel, and the Blenheim. The prize-list ranged from a gold medal to silver medals, and cups for the best dog in each class.—The eighteenth annual cat show has been held at the Crystal Palace. There were fifty-two classes and 403 exhibitors, the cats on view far exceeding the latter number.

The action of the London Society for the Extension of University Teaching in promoting a series of popular lectures at Toynbee Hall, Whitechapel, is meeting with a degree of success which is gratifying to all concerned. Last Saturday night the lecturer was Sir C. Warren, Commissioner of Police, who chose a subject, "Jerusalem and Palestine," with which he has an intimate practical knowledge, derived from his survey of Palestine as a member of the party sent out by the Palestine Exploration Fund. The lecture was illustrated by diagrams, and was aptly described by the chairman (the Rev. S. A. Barnett) as of great use in enabling students to read their Bible with intelligent appreciation.

Dr. Diplock, Coroner, held an inquiry on Monday into the circumstances of the lamentable occurrence at Fulham on Thursday night, last week, when Mrs. Leader, the wife of a butcher living in Camberwell, and four of her children were drowned in the Thames. Evidence was given that Mr. Leader had always behaved kindly to her. The jury returned an open verdict, not having had sufficient evidence to show how the children had got into the water. According to the evidence of Robert Leader, a little boy, who escaped drowning with the rest of the family, Mrs. Leader said to her children, "We have all got to die," and then walked into the river with her baby, three children following their mother, who by this time had disappeared under the water, and they also were drowned. The little boy Robert was pushed into the water by one of the brothers, who said "Come on; we all have got to die; we can die only once"; but he succeeded in scrambling out.

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DEATH.

On Saturday, Oct. 16, 1886, the Hon. Mrs. Drury Lowe, at Gurrivoe, Burnmouth.

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MONTE CARLO.—THE ADMINISTRATION OF MONTE CARLO, in its endeavour to diversify the brilliant and exceptional Entertainments offered to the Cosmopolitan High Life frequenting the shores of the Mediterranean, has much pleasure in announcing the close of the Winter Season 1885-6, and that during the Summer interval arrangements will be made for the renewal of the Theatrical and Opera Comique Entertainments in the ensuing Winter 1886-7, which will be sustained by artists of renowned celebrity. The daily Afternoon and Evening Concerts will continue as usual during the Summer Season.

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MADAME ADELINA PATTI will SING Aria, "Caro nome," Aria, "O luce di quest'anima," "The Last Rose of Summer," and in the duet, "Du quel di" with Signor Nicolini, at the ROYAL ALBERT HALL, OCT. 27, at Eight.

NOVELLO'S ORATORIO CONCERTS.—SAINT LUDMILA, by ANTONIN DVORAK, on FRIDAY, OCT. 29.—Madame Albani, Miss Hope Glen, Mr. Lloyd, Mr. Sanby, Mr. Dwyer, Mr. Dyer, Mr. Stoll, 10s. 6d.; Balcony 5s.; Admission, 2s. 6d. Subscription to the series of Six Concerts (Stalls), £2 12s. 6d. Subscribers' names received by Novello, Ewer, and Co., 1, Berners-street, W., and 80 and 81, Queen-street, E.C.; the usual Agents; and at Austin's Ticket Office, St. James's Hall.

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THE MUSICAL FESTIVAL AT LEEDS.

A critical notice of the series of performances, continued during four days last week, at the Leeds Musical Festival, is furnished by our accustomed contributor upon these subjects, and will be found in another page. The Sketches drawn by our Artist give some idea of the appearance of the grand orchestra and assembled chorus in the Victoria Hall, which was illuminated by the electric light. The ladies of the choir were all dressed in white, with either light blue or red sashes, to distinguish the treble from the alto voices. There were 320 singers, and 120 instrumentalists. Sir Arthur Sullivan, the conductor, seated with his bâton in hand, and with the score open on his desk, is separately portrayed by our Artist; also the chorus-master, Mr. Alfred Broughton; several of the leading vocalists, Mr. Santley, Madame Albani, Mr. B. McGuckin, Mr. E. Lloyd, and others; besides Herr Antonin Dvorák, the Bohemian composer of the new oratorio, "St. Ludmila," which was performed on Friday. The honorary secretary to the Festival Committee, Alderman F. R. Spark, as well as the Mayor, Alderman Gaunt, and the Mayoress, the Town Clerk, and other gentlemen of local position, are deserving of credit in the remembrance of visitors to Leeds upon this important occasion. The arrangements there, in every department, were satisfactory to all concerned.

SIR F. H. DOYLE'S REMINISCENCES.

The chief complaint that one has to make against Sir F. H. Doyle's *Reminiscences and Opinions* (Longmans) is that the latter are urged with so much insistence that they not unfrequently impair the value of the former. A man who from his earliest start in life has mingled with the foremost statesmen, legislators, and *littérateurs* of his day, cannot fail to have an almost inexhaustible store of recollections; and Sir F. Doyle is too able a master of literary style not to be able to tell his stories with point. From his Eton days he was the friend and companion of Mr. Gladstone, at school first and afterwards at college; and the intimacy was so great between them, that he acted as "best man" to the rising statesman at his marriage, in 1839. It is, therefore, much to be regretted that he should allow political feeling to colour his opinions so strongly as to spoil, in many instances, his recollections of the intimacy which at one time existed between him and his friend. In spite of this blemish, and it is one which we would gladly conceal from ourselves, the volume teems with good stories, pleasant recollections, and happy sayings of famous men of a past generation—Sydney Smith, Samuel Rogers, Cardinal Newman, the Duke of Wellington, Arthur Hallam, Carlyle, Macaulay, are a few only of those with whom Sir Francis Doyle was brought in personal contact, or had social relations. Of nearly all he has some new or little-known anecdote to tell, which often throws a valuable side-light upon their characters and habits; and it is not the least charm of this pleasant volume that it contains so few of those sayings and doings of the by-gone great *qui courent le monde*. The self-communings of Judge Park (not Lord Wensleydale) are, perhaps, better known than most of the recollections, and we are somewhat surprised to find so usually accurate and appreciative a *raconteur* give a version of Metternich's remark on Lord Castlereagh's undecorated coat at the Congress of Vienna which greatly detracts from its pungency. After all, was it Metternich who said it? For Talleyrand has more generally been credited with the epigram, "*Il est bien distingué*." One of the best stories, perhaps, is that of himself and Sir William Harcourt as horse-dealers, in which neither the future Professor of Poetry nor the future statesman was a match for the professional dealers in horse-flesh. A story of Miss Austen's one attachment in life, only faintly suspected by Lord Brabourne in his memoir of this gifted novelist, is, perhaps, one of the most valuable contributions to our knowledge of that lady, and furnishes a key to much of that delicate sympathy with girls' disappointments in love and life. There is, perhaps, a still sadder interest, inseparable from all books of reminiscences extending over more than half a century—the story of men of great promise who failed from one cause or another to make their mark in the world. Arthur Hallam's early death prevented him from showing to the world those remarkable qualities which made so deep an impression on his contemporaries; but Milnes Gaskell, Henry Cheney, and David Dundas all lived long enough to make their mark; but outside the immediate circle of their friends their names are now but little known. We have no wish to spoil the interest which this book is sure to evoke by citing all of the good stories it contains, but we must make an exception in favour of one of the brilliant Charles Buller, when in company with Carlyle. His old tutor, the Chelsea prophet, began abusing Lord Falkland, as might have been expected, and ended his invective thus: "Puir meeserable creature, what did he ever do to be remembered among men?" "Well," replied his former pupil, "at least he put on a clean shirt to be shot in, which is more than ever you would have done, Carlyle!"

The number of Freshmen who have been entered at Cambridge this October is 938, being the largest entry ever recorded. Trinity College heads the list with 197.

The Bolton Corporation new sewage works, covering twenty-two acres of land, and costing £29,000, were formally opened on Monday afternoon by the Mayor, Alderman Fletcher, in presence of a large assemblage.

Mr. Du Val gave another special matinee on Monday afternoon to musical artistes. The Morretts were again introduced with their mysterious Thought Transference, and a full programme from Mr. Du Val's repertoire was also given.

Dr. Vivian, whose marriage with a Birmingham young lady, and subsequent arrest, aroused much interest some months ago, was on Tuesday sentenced, at the Shropshire Quarter Sessions, to ten years' penal servitude for a robbery committed at the Victoria Hotel, Whitechurch, in May last.

Tuesday's *Gazette* contained the announcement of the issue of a Royal Commission to inquire into the suitability of Irish harbours for deep-sea fishing-vessels, the state of the system of arterial drainage, and the organisation and management of railways in Ireland.

On Tuesday the county of Merionethshire was presented with a portrait in oil of the late Sir Watkin Wynn, which will be hung in the Shire-hall at Bala.—At the Gloucestershire Quarter Sessions Lord Fitzhardinge was presented with his portrait, subscribed for by the noblemen, magistrates, and sportsmen resident in Gloucestershire, and the tenant farmers on his estate, in recognition of his services in promoting agriculture, and for keeping up the Berkeley Hunt.—At Sudbury, Suffolk, a valuable silver dessert service was presented to the Mayor, Mr. G. W. Andrewes, who filled that office fifty years ago, and has been an Alderman of the Corporation continuously since, and Mayor, in all, six times. An illuminated congratulatory address to the Mayor, who is eighty-three years of age, accompanied the testimonial. In the evening there was a dinner at the Crown Hotel, when Mr. Quilter, M.P., was one of the speakers.

(From our own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Tuesday, Oct. 19.

The Cape Government is prepared to favourably consider the Prince of Wales's proposal with reference to an Imperial Institute, and to ask Parliament for a sum of money for the purpose.—The Hon. Duncan Gillies has stated in the Victorian Assembly that as he believed the people of Victoria desired to participate in the jubilee of her Majesty's reign, he would suggest that the various municipalities should vote sums of money in aid of the Imperial Institution, in addition to the Government contribution of £5800 to the collective grant of the colonies. Mr. Gillies considered that by this means the colony of Victoria might possibly raise a total sum of £10,000. Sir Patrick Jennings, in reply to a question put in the Legislative Assembly of New South Wales, said the Government had proposed that the total contribution of the six self-governing colonies should be increased to £30,000 or £40,000. The Government of Tasmania has consented to contribute its share towards the proposed Imperial Institution.



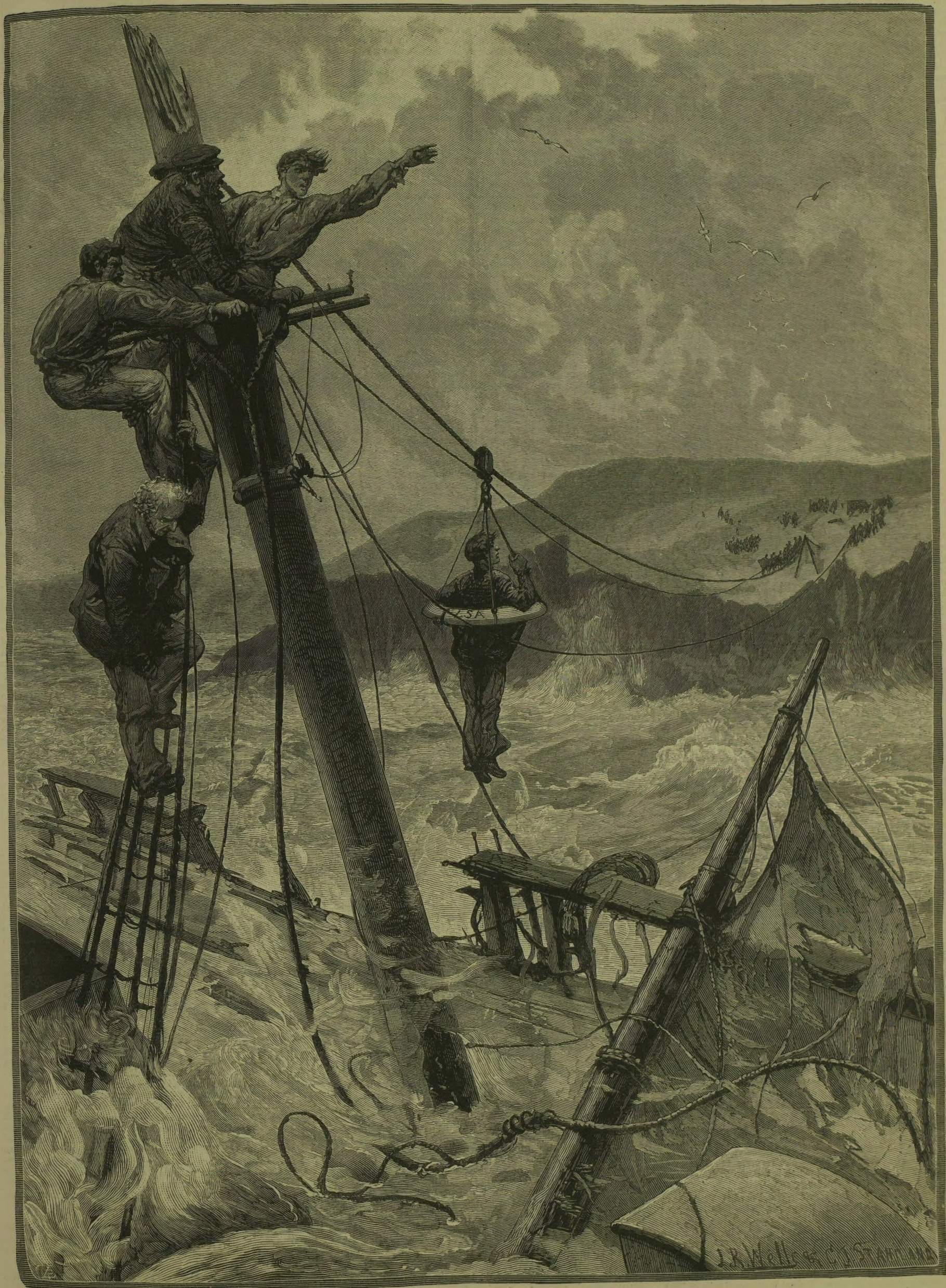
THE RUSSIAN AGENTS IN BULGARIA: PARTISANS OF RUSSIA HOOTED THROUGH THE STREETS OF SOFIA AS TRAITORS.
FROM A SKETCH BY M. UKRICKICS.

J. D. Chambers. S. J. Magowan. J. S. M'Tear. R. Barnett. N. Oakman. A. S. Peake.



William Steen. J. L. Downey. W. H. K. Pollock. R. W. Barnett. W. Nicholls. W. C. Palmer. R. Boyd. James Neill.
A. Burn. J. H. Blackburne.

THE IRISH CHESS ASSOCIATION AT BELFAST.



THE LATE STORM: THE VOLUNTEER LIFE BRIGADE AT WORK.

SAVING LIFE ON THE COAST.

The destructive gale that visited the shores of the British Islands towards the end of last week, causing the loss of more than sixty lives, adds a painful interest to our Illustration of part of the life-saving apparatus kept ready for use, which is provided by the Government Board of Trade, but is chiefly worked by local volunteers, many of them belonging to the Royal Naval Reserve. This is the rocket apparatus, connected with the taut hawser and sling life-buoy set in operation, as shown in our Artist's drawing, between the ship or wreck and the shore; by which means, after the rocket has been successfully fired to throw a line over the ship, enabling the crew to get the hawser on board, the seamen and passengers are safely brought ashore. The example of first employing a similar contrivance, but firing a shell from a mortar instead of a rocket, was shown by Captain G. W. Manby, R.N., in 1803; though Sergeant Bell, of the Royal Artillery, had conceived the idea in 1791. The merits of the system were discussed in Parliament, and forty-five mortar stations were established by Government in 1814; they were then placed under the care of the Coastguard or "Preventive Service." The use of a rocket was first proposed by Mr. Trenchgrouse, of Helston; but Mr. John Dennett, of Newport, Isle of Wight, first constructed rockets suitable for the purpose; and it was at Bembridge, in 1832, that life was first saved by these means. In 1855, when Government took the entire control of all the rocket and mortar stations, a series of experiments was begun by Colonel Boxer, R.A., which resulted in the great improvement of the rocket, increasing its range, elevation, and precision of flight, so that the mortar was eventually superseded. A few years before, Captain J. R. Ward, R.N., now Vice-Admiral Ward, who was then Inspector of Life-Boats to the Royal National Life-Boat Institution, had made proposals for the working of the apparatus, which were adopted, in 1857, in the instructions sent out by the Board of Trade. The travelling life-buoy, or sling life-buoy, now in use, was invented by Captain Kishbee, R.N., and was shown at the Paris Exhibition of 1855, along with Captain Ward's invention of the cork life-jacket, now used by the coastguard. The "breeches-buoy" is obviously so called from having attached to its lower sides a sort of bag resembling the seat of a pair of breeches, with holes for the legs, in which a man sits most securely, without needing to hold on by his arms; thus we find, in this year's official record of services, that a coastguard boatman is rewarded for going out to a vessel in distress, "and bringing ashore in his arms, in the breeches-buoy, the master of the vessel, who had been injured, and was unable to help himself." There are now 298 rocket-apparatus stations, including six cliff ladder stations, on the coasts of the United Kingdom, besides 333 supplied only with belts and lines, under the direction of the Board of Trade. The number of lives actually saved by these agencies during the last year was 171, but in the year 1883 it was 450, and in 1881 it amounted to 657; it was 609, again, in the year 1877. The official tables are accompanied with a brief account of each service; and "the breeches-buoy" is frequently mentioned as having safely brought to shore, one after another, all the men belonging to a shipwrecked vessel.

The recent terrible gales have, as on many former occasions, shown the great value of the life-boat service. Telegrams have been sent from various parts of the country reporting deeds of gallantry performed by the life-boat crews, rescuing many lives. At Port Isaac, Cornwall, twenty-five persons were rescued by the life-boat from the boats of the steam-ship *Indus*, of Dundee, which foundered off Trevoze Head, the remaining four of the crew being saved by a fishing-boat, under the life-boat's protection. The rescue of the crews of the *Valeria* at Clovelly, of the *J. W. A.* at Fishguard, the *Howard Turner* off Roche's Point, of seven of the crew of the *Alliance* at Padstow, of ten of the *Teviotdale* at Cerfu Sidan Sands, and of five of the *Albert Wilhelm* in St. Ives Bay, is also to be recorded. All this was the work of life-boats. The Arklow life-boat helped to save some fishing-boats which had been driven from their anchors by a derelict hulk broken from her moorings, which boats must have been lost in the absence of the life-boat. The life-boats at Berwick and Cullercoats also put off to the help of several fishing-boats which had been overtaken by the storm and were in great danger.

We would earnestly commend the Royal National Life-Boat Institution to public support by increased annual subscriptions. This noble institution, one truly worthy of the British nation, and one of the grandest examples of well-sustained voluntary effort in a well-conducted work of humane beneficence, has saved more than thirty-two thousand lives during the sixty-two years of its existence. It has saved 446 in the present year to this week of October. The number it saved in the year 1883 was 555; and in that year it expended £44,000 upon the 290 life-boat establishments that it maintained on the coasts of England, Scotland, and Ireland, besides rewards, and grants to injured life-boatmen, to the amount of £3644. The life-boat crews are paid by the institution for their efforts, whether successful or not, to save life, except when they are remunerated by the owners of vessels for services in the salvage of property. Each life-boat station costs about £70 for its ordinary maintenance, including a small salary to the coxswain. The cost of building a life-boat and its carriage, with the needful equipment, is £650, and the life-boat-house costs £350; many of the existing life-boats are those given by individual benefactors or by local subscriptions. Thirty new life-boats were sent to the coast in the year 1885, and six new stations were established, to which four new stations have been added this year.

Cardinal Manning last week opened, in the High-road, Chiswick, a handsome new Roman Catholic church, capable of accommodating nearly a thousand persons.

Mr. Robert W. Frazer, B.A., LL.B., has been appointed principal librarian of the London Institution, in succession to Mr. J. M. Horsburgh.

The thirtieth report of the Commissioners of her Majesty's Customs states that during the year ending March 31 last the gross receipts of the Customs revenue, inclusive of charges for warehousing, &c., and of £56,229, the revenue of the Isle of Man, amounted to £19,916,995, which is a decrease of £806,322 from the receipts of the preceding year.

As rewards for gallant services, the Board of Trade have received through the Foreign Office a binocular glass, awarded by the President of the French Republic to Captain William H. Parham, master of the steam-ship *City* of Edinburgh; two silver medals of the first class, with diplomas, awarded respectively to Mr. R. G. Warden, first mate, and Mr. James Bogle, second mate, of the same vessel; and four silver medals of the second class, with diplomas, awarded respectively to four seamen of the same vessel, Robert Williams, Louis Bohme, Hugh Sampson, and Joseph Maxwell, in recognition of their humane and gallant services in rescuing the shipwrecked crew of the French schooner *Sainte Anne*, of Paimpol, off the coast of Portugal, on Jan. 20 last. A heavy sea was running at the time of the rescue, but the two mates and four seamen volunteered to man a boat, and succeeded in taking off the French crew, five hands in all, from their sinking vessel.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

The price of almost all varieties of food in the wholesale market is lower than it has been for many years. On one day we read of a glut of American meat reducing the price which the butchers paid to the wholesale dealers to fourpence per pound. On another day there is announced to be such a plethora of potatoes at market that they are sold at less than four pounds for a penny: this, the lowest price on record, being caused by an enormous yield of the crop, which is perfectly free from disease. Wheat is selling at prices which are absolutely unremunerative to the English farmer. His beasts and his sheep are fetching only half the money that he got for the same class of animal two years ago. But perhaps all this is more effectively displayed by a summary of prices, such as that recently made by a Warwickshire board of guardians. In the corresponding quarter of 1880 the contract price charged to the parish of Brackley for milk was 1s. 2d. per gallon; in the last quarter of 1886 the price is 7d. per gallon. Bread was 6d. in 1880, 4d. in 1886. Flour, which was 43s. per sack six years ago, is now 28s. The same quality butter which was 1s. 10d. per lb. in 1880 is 11½d. per lb. this year. The guardians of Brackley are many of them farmers, practically acquainted, to their sorrow, with the diminution in market prices, and resolved, as ratepayers, to obtain the advantage of low prices, which is the only possible compensation for bad business.

A housekeeper cannot read about the reduction in prices with any satisfaction, for the simple reason that she knows that she is not receiving from her tradespeople anything like the abatement in retail price which she ought to find. The difference between our housekeeping books now and the same anxious volumes of six years ago is really inappreciable. Bread is cheaper, certainly; but it is quite clear that even in this item the reduction is by no means equivalent to the fall in the price of wheat. The so-called quarter loaf, which as a fact always weighs on delivery considerably less than it professes to do, is charged at 5½d. by the London bakers at present. A mathematically-minded person informs me that this is about 70 per cent higher than the price of the wheat employed, so that the miller and the baker between them pocket this absurd proportion of the price of the loaf. As to the butcher, he is a hopeless sinner. He protests, I believe, that the demand for the best joints is so great that he is obliged to keep up their price in order to prevent his being quite overwhelmed by the number of customers who demand of him that he shall supply them with sirloins and legs of mutton. But how does this excuse him for charging eightpence or ninepence a pound for gravy meat? The high price of the best joints, by comparison with that of the whole animal, clearly implies that the tradesman is able, with profit to himself, to charge an exceptionally low rate for the inferior portions. Then there is the milkman; it seems scarcely credible that we, in London, should be paying at the rate of one shilling and eightpence for our every-day gallon of the fluid which can be had for sevenpence the barn gallon. The vegetables are equally iniquitously over-charged. In short, every tradesman but the grocer seems in the vicious circle. Even this last manages to charge a surprising percentage above wholesale prices on some articles; but yet there does appear a connection between the market and the shop prices of tea, sugar, and the like, which is wholly wanting in the case of milk, meat, and bread. The cause and the remedy demand a little thought; the painful facts suffice for one time of writing.

The London School Board have made a sad blunder in deciding to turn the children out of school when they come without their fees. There can be no worse economy (looking at the matter from that inferior point of view alone) than to have expensive buildings, staffed up to their full capacity with highly-paid teachers, and then to let teachers and buildings stand half idle, because the weekly penny, which is so infinitesimal a fraction of the cost of each school-place, is not in the hand of the child who should help to fill the place on Monday-morning. Undoubtedly, it is the duty of the School Board, whatever may be the opinions of individual members on the fee or free question, to endeavour to secure the fees, so long as the law declares that the parent must pay a weekly contribution for each child. But no course for the recovery of fees can be justified which involves turning children out of school.

The new scheme will be found, I fear, a direct incentive to parents not to pay. I wonder how many well-to-do ladies are capable of realising the position of a poor mother who has a large young family which her labour helps to maintain. I do not say that such a member of the body politic ought to exist, but simply that she does exist. Well, now, let us try to suppose her leaving her one wretched room in a crowded court for a full day's charring; or going to the shop, a business which will occupy some hours, for a fresh supply of sacks to make, or to deliver her immense bundle of card-board boxes, or what not. Suppose she has to leave behind her a baby of three months old, and another of eighteen months, and another of not quite three years of age. None of these can go to school, for the School Board is not allowed to provide nurseries. What is that poor mother to do?

Of course, she wants to keep her girl of ten at home to mind the babies. Indeed, that girl could help to earn her own living very often, if she were free of school; and in such occupations as box-making, little ones of six and seven can do remunerative work. Hitherto, the temporary absence of the child from school has always brought a note from the teacher demanding attendance, followed shortly, if necessary, by the visit of a bye-laws officer. The representatives of the law have said primarily, "Send your child to school"; the question of paying the fee comes next. But now, the child will actually be sent away from the school if she goes without a fee. Persons who suppose this to be a good plan for getting either fees or attendances can know little of the condition of the very poor.

It is true that the parents may be summoned for not sending the child to school in this case. But as there are only a few police-courts in the metropolis, and as each of the magistrates will only grant a limited number of summonses each week (for they cannot spend all their time on School Board cases) the likelihood of a given individual out of the many hundreds of offenders being prosecuted is very problematical; and we all know how little effect on the mind is produced by a penalty that is more likely to be evaded than not. The law requires immediate alteration in this matter. The Education Act, though only fifteen years old, has already been tinkered thrice; and it needs the hand of the repairer once more. The present position of affairs is very absurd. A man cannot now be directly sued for school fees; only if he send his child without the money in its hand, that is not an attendance in the eye of the law. He can be prosecuted for not sending the child, though that child's bodily presence has been regularly in the school-house; and that is the only way in which the payment of fees can be enforced. This is, of course, absurd; and the action of the Board is only making practical facts agree with theory. But it is a hopeless blunder to turn the children away from school.

F. F. M.

ARCACHON.

On the west coast of France, in the department of the Gironde, and thirty-five miles from Bordeaux, the pleasant town of Arcachon is situated on the shores of a landlocked inlet, the Bassin, which has an area of not less than seventy square miles, and is sheltered by the Dunes from the waves of the Bay of Biscay. Within the Bassin, while the tide from the ocean rises rapidly to a considerable height, the water is smooth, and is a great deal more salt than that of the sea outside, as well as much warmer. It is therefore singularly well adapted for winter bathing; while Arcachon has the further advantage of being surrounded, for miles, with forests of the maritime pine, trees of great height and growth, the balsamic emanations from which impart a most salubrious influence to the air. This place, some forty years ago, was comparatively unknown to those in search of a warm or agreeable winter climate. It has, however, come to the knowledge of the medical faculty, and is generally recognised as being one of the most desirable and remarkable of sanitary stations for the restoration of persons in debilitated health; and of those in the decline of life, who seek the atmosphere of the pine woods, under a pure and element sky, for the cure or the mitigation of inveterate maladies, from which they may be suffering. In the summer season, which lasts for six months, the saline cures are completed. The absence of waves, and the genial temperature, permit of the bath being indulged in for an hour at a time, at the discretion of the doctors ordering such treatment. Persons of a delicate and lymphatic nature, and those who cannot support the force of the ordinary sea air or of the ocean wave, can bathe here in comfort, and find their health rapidly restored or improved by the soothing influence of these waters, which are reputed also more suitable than any others for children.

The "Sanatorium," under which name the winter town of Arcachon is known, is of more recent creation, and was the first of the medical stations installed in the pine forests. It consists of a collection of elegant villas, of a luxurious or most comfortable character, each having its flower garden, well stocked with shrubs and trees, with its lawn, and some with croquet and lawn-tennis grounds. Some of these are immediately sheltered by the pine-trees; others are situated below those woods, which cover the hills for thousands of acres, and impart to the atmosphere a peculiar salubrity. There is a rapidly increasing demand for these villas, and every year the winter colony augments in number, including many persons of rank. The cures of persons suffering from chest complaints, bronchitis, phthisis, asthma, and nervous diseases are becoming very numerous. It must not be supposed that it is a matter of indifference whether invalids are sent to this or any other part of the west of France—because the influence of the *air* of this vast "Sanatorium" has a powerful sedative effect. It acts efficaciously on nervous persons, and is a remedy for the complicated maladies to which they are subject.

The climate of Arcachon is temperate, rather humid than dry, and it is exempt from abrupt variations of temperature. The following is the summary of the average temperature taken at the Observatory:—Winter, 48 deg.; spring, 61 deg.; summer, 78 deg.; autumn, 66 deg.; mean temperature on the whole year, about 63 deg. The large quantity of ozone contained in the air of the forest is an indisputable condition of its salubrity. The fine sand of the soil of Arcachon, and especially that of the forest, rapidly absorbs the rain as it falls, and contributes to healthfulness. Arcachon is the Brighton of Bordeaux, while the predilection of French and foreign visitors for this place of resort, both in winter and in summer, proves not only the merits of the climate, but the convenience of this town for comfortable living at an unusually cheap rate.

On reference to our Illustration, in the centre of the Marine Panorama will be seen a very commanding edifice, dominating all the rest; this is the Grand Hotel, which was built by the Railway Company. It is situated on the borders of the seashore, and is directed by Mr. Van Hymbeeck, the former Director of the Grand Hotel at Paris, of which he is the correspondent at Arcachon. These establishments, at Paris and Arcachon, are equivalent in point of comfort: there is but one difference, that of prices; for the charges are unusually moderate at the Grand Hotel, Arcachon—probably lower than any other superior first-class hotel in France; the charge for pension during winter is nine francs a day, all charges included. The view from the south apartments of this hotel, towards the Pine Forest, and over the splendid gardens of the Casino, is one of the finest that can be enjoyed; it is represented in one section of our Engraving. The panorama is equally fine as viewed from the beautifully situated Casino, and this is shown in the other section of our Illustration.

The sports, pastimes, and amusements of Arcachon are yachting, boating, regattas, bathing, fishing in the Bassin and in the ocean, hunting the wild boar, fox-hunting, snipe and wild duck shooting. There is a Museum of Natural History, a Marine Aquarium, and a Zoological Laboratory. Bathing is enjoyed on beautifully soft sands, in all states of the tide; there are no rapid currents, yet the Humane Society boats are always in attendance. Arcachon has its club, its theatre, its reading-rooms, its casino, billiard-rooms, and lawn-tennis, and beautiful walks in the grounds; while horses and carriages may be hired for excursions, and ponies and saddle donkeys for children or the infirm.

The oyster culture here is a very remarkable and highly productive institution. There are upwards of two thousand oyster-parks, each park containing a considerable number of oyster beds; oysters can be bought for twopenny per dozen, and large quantities are sent to England by some resident English cultivators who are large oyster-park proprietors.

There are many doctors of great reputation here, and some of them speak English; there is also a resident English doctor during the winter. There is an English chemist, an English church and minister, and shops where most articles of English comfort or manufacture can be obtained. Mr. Hennon, of Villa Hennon, and Mr. Brannens are the principal house agents. From London Arcachon can be reached in twenty-four hours, via Paris and Bordeaux; and those intending travellers who, from motives of economy or preferring the voyage, desire to travel by sea, will find steamers sailing direct, and weekly, from London to Bordeaux.

The London School Board has issued a circular to the heads of teachers of schools, directing them not to enforce for one month the rule as to excluding children from school who are in arrear with their fees.

The Marquis of Londonderry continues to receive addresses from public bodies offering congratulations upon his appointment to the office of Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. On the 12th inst. he received two addresses of welcome, one from the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, and the other from the Royal College of Surgeons. Last Saturday deputations attended at the Viceregal Lodge to present addresses from the University of Dublin and the Royal Dublin Society. His Excellency was accompanied by the Marchioness of Londonderry on both occasions.

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ADVICE TO DYSPYPTICS

THE Contents of this Pamphlet are as follows:—Symptoms of Dyspepsia and Indigestion, with Special Advice as to Diet and Regimen; the Confirmed or Chronic form of Dyspepsia and Indigestion; Diseases Sympathetic; acute and sudden attacks of Indigestion; Notes for Dyspeptics; Beverages, Air and Ventilation; Particulars of numerous Dyspeptic cases, showing result of special treatment. It also contains a reprint of Dr. Edmunds' renowned Recipe for making Oatmeal Porridge. Sent for one stamp. J. M. RICHARDS, Publisher, 46, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

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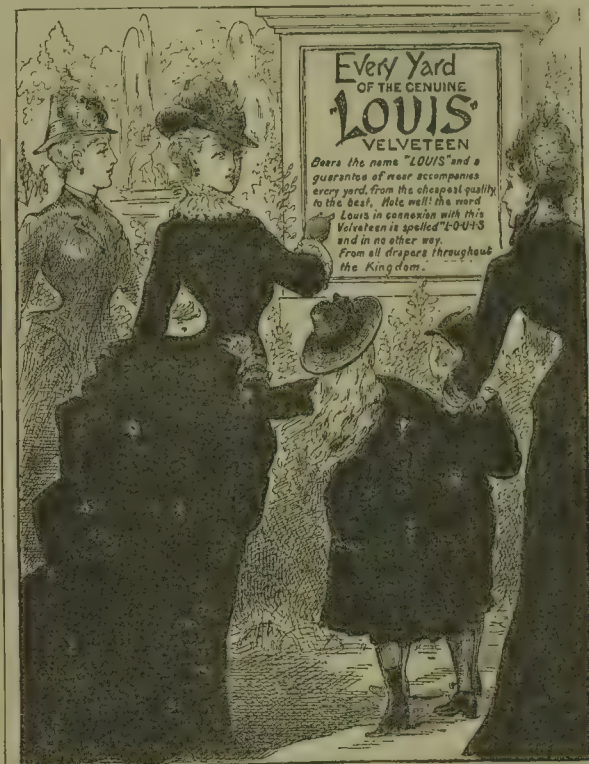
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THE RIGHT HON. W. B. DALLEY, Q.C.

Among the photographs to be seen in the New South Wales Court of the Colonial and Indian Exhibition is a striking portrait of this gentleman, who is an eminent member of the legal profession at Sydney, and was Attorney-General of New South Wales in the Government formed in 1884 by the late Sir Alexander Stuart. During the absence of the Prime Minister, caused by ill-health, the temporary headship of the Government devolved on Mr. Dalley. It was just at the time of our disasters and failures in the Soudan; and colonial public opinion was vehemently excited with a desire to prove Australian loyalty by offering the services of a military contingent, in aid of the British Army. Mr. Dalley, though the New South Wales Legislature was not then in Session, boldly took upon himself the responsibility of making this offer to the Imperial Government, with the concurrence of Lord Augustus Loftus, the Governor of New South Wales. The offer was accepted, and Mr. Dalley lost no time in preparing the expedition, which consisted of a well-equipped force of seven hundred men and officers, infantry and artillery, with the necessary guns and stores, for whose conveyance to Souakim, on the Red Sea coast, steam-ships were chartered at the cost of the New South Wales Government. The accomplished English historian, Mr. J. A. Froude, arrived at Sydney in the midst of these preparations, and made the personal acquaintance of Mr. Dalley, whose character, opinions, and public acts he describes in his book since published, entitled "Occana." Her Majesty the Queen, soon after the opening of the Colonial Exhibition, was pleased to confer upon Mr. Dalley the rank of Privy Councillor. Mr. William Bede Dalley is of Irish parentage, but is a native of Australia, having been born at Sydney in 1831. He was educated a Roman Catholic, and is still a member of that Church. He was called to the Bar in 1856, and was soon afterwards elected to a seat in the Legislative Assembly; he held office for a short time, in 1858 and 1859, in the Ministry of Sir Charles Cowper; but subsequently retired from political life during many years, devoting himself, with great success, to the practice of his profession. In 1875, Mr. Dalley became first law officer of the Crown in the Ministry of Sir John Robertson, and a member of the Legislative Council, since which time he has maintained an influential position among the political advisers of the New South Wales Government. Mr. Froude regards him as a statesman of remarkable ability. From some conversations with Mr. Dalley about the idea of "Imperial



THE RIGHT HON. W. B. DALLEY, Q.C., M.L.C.,
Late Attorney-General and Acting Premier of New South Wales.

Federation," as it is called, Mr. Froude learnt that Mr. Dalley did not approve of the plan of forming a Central Council, to consist of the Agents-General of the different Colonies; and that he did not believe in the project of a Grand Parliament of the Empire, in which the Colonies would be represented. Mr. Dalley, on the other hand, thought it most desirable, as well as practicable, to place the naval defences of all the Colonies under the control of the British Admiralty; each colony having its own squadron, always present in its own waters, but as forming an integral part of the British Fleet, and ready to serve with it under the same orders. It is with this view, we understand, that the New South Wales Government has taken part in the recent conferences with Admiral Tryon, the British naval commander on the Pacific station.

RANGOON, THE CAPITAL OF BURMAH.

The arrival of large military reinforcements from India to be sent up the Irrawaddy, for the service of putting down the bands of rebels and marauders in the recently annexed province of Upper Burmah, occasions fresh bustle in the port and city of Rangoon. The capital of British Burmah, of Pegu and the Lower Provinces, since 1852, has grown with marvellous quickness, and is now a town of at least 200,000 inhabitants. Its conquest by the late Burmese Kingdom, under Alompra, dates only from 1763, when it obtained its present name; before that date it was a mere village of the Talaings in Pegu, a landing-place for pilgrims visiting the great Indo-Chinese Buddhist shrine at the Shway-Dagon Pagoda. This famous Temple, or rather group of sacred edifices, is situated near the banks of the large ornamental waters, called the Royal lakes or King's lakes, artificially formed, extending two miles south and west of the city of Rangoon. A mound, possibly composed of the earth taken from the excavation of the lakes, is approached by an avenue of trees from the waterside; it is ascended by terraces and a series of stone steps, the sides of which are guarded by monstrous figures of griffins, crocodiles, and forms half-human, half-bestial, carved in stone or wood. Some are not unlike the Egyptian sphinx. There are also covered passages, with strange fresco-paintings, in the brightest colours, representing scenes of cruel punishment and torture. The phoonghyes, monks or priests, in their yellow robes, the nuns or virgin priestesses attired in white, and various servitors of the temple are to be met in its precincts; and women at little stalls, or squatting



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THE RUSSIAN AGENTS IN BULGARIA: GENERAL KAULBARS RECEIVING A PEASANT DEPUTATION ON HIS WAY TO PLEVNA.
FROM A SKETCH BY M. UIKRICKS.



ARCACHON, THE FAVOURED WINTER SEASIDE RESORT ON THE WEST COAST OF FRANCE.

on mats, ready to sell flowers, coloured flags, and paper gralands, for the sacrificing worshippers. The buildings on the summit rise in many greater or smaller domes, surmounted by lofty round spires, all with gilt copper caps, shaped like the extinguisher of a candle; but the Golden Pagoda displays aloft what seems a huge gilt umbrella, which must have cost an immense sum of money for gilding. In the courts around these pagodas, which are partly overgrown with shrubs and trees, but to some extent paved, are the open belfries, where are hung the bells of different sizes, which happily do not sound all at once. The largest bell is nine cubits high, and five cubits wide. The interior of each pagoda contains the shrine of Gautama Buddha, with his statue, often in brass, representing the divine sage usually in a sitting attitude, the legs crossed, the hands resting on the knees, but in some instances he is stand-

ing erect. We will say nothing here of the other sights of Rangoon, or of the English part of the city, with its mercantile establishments, public offices, barracks, hospitals, railway stations, and various institutions of European civilisation, which Burmah is now borrowing from Britain.

Mr. J. Fitzgerald Molloy understands how to write what people who enjoy literary and society gossip like to read. His latest volume, dedicated to Mr. Irving, is entitled *Famous Plays* (Ward and Downey). It is not a criticism, but a narrative; and describes the circumstances under which certain plays were written, without any attempt to estimate their merits. In such a volume, it is obvious, there can be little novelty. Readers familiar with the literature of the

eighteenth century know all about Addison's "Cato," although they may never have had courage sufficient to read that solemn play. So, too, they will be familiar with the history of the "Beggars Opera," of Johnson's "Irene," of Goldsmith's misanthropic comedy "She Stoops to Conquer," and of Sheridan's popular plays. Access to the biographical incidents connected with these dramas is open to everyone, but Mr. Molloy has used his materials with the art of a ready writer, and his volume therefore supplies pleasant reading. He is, we think, generally correct in his statements; but he is assuredly not correct in saying that Pope's Narrative of Dr. Robert Norris has, "of course, no place in his published works." To say nothing of earlier editions, Mr. Molloy will discover his mistake upon turning to the tenth volume of the splendid edition of Pope edited by Messrs. Elwin and Courthope.

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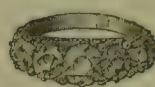
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For older you grow every moment, Childie; Time will not wait by the way for kings; But 'tis sad to lay off when we're tall, Childie, Our happy hearts with our out-grown things; And wiser is something beyond, Childie, As you'll understand as the long years go; For 'tis only when we grow old, Childie, We learn how little we really know.

Let each day bring what it will, Childie, You're old enough to be true to-day, And tall enough for your words, Childie, To reach to Heaven when you need to pray, And you have for your own two treasures, Childie, Better than wisdom or wealth untold: A soul unsullied by evil, Childie, And a heart that cannot be bought or sold.

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Mr. Brinjes surveyed her critically. Then he sighed and said, "Thou art, I swear, Bess, fit for the gods themselves!"

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THE WORLD WENT VERY WELL THEN.

By WALTER BESANT,

AUTHOR OF "ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF MEN," "DOROTHY FORSTER,"
"THE REVOLT OF MAN," "CHILDREN OF GIBRON," ETC.

CHAPTER XXVI.

HOW MR. BRINJES EXERCISED HIS POWERS.

It was on Saturday, the last day of June, in the year of grace 1760 (our Lieutenant having then been away at sea two years and a half), and on the stroke of seven, that Mr. Brinjes sallied forth from his shop. He was dressed—being now on his way to the Club at the Sir John Falstaff—in his black velvet coat with lace ruffles; he carried his laced hat under his arm, and had upon his head his vast wig, whose threatening foretop, majestic with depending knots, before and behind the shoulders, proclaimed his calling. In his hand he bore his gold-headed stick (not the famous skull-stick); his stockings, which in the morning were of grey woollen, knitted by the hands of Bess, were now of white silk; and his shoes were adorned with silver buckles. He was no longer Apothecary to the seum of Deptford: he was in appearance a grave and learned Physician. Yet, if one looked more closely, it might be discerned that the wig was ill-dressed; the ruffles at his wrist torn; that one or two of the silver buttons had fallen from his coat sleeves; that his stockings were splashed a little, and there was a rent in one; and that his shoes were only smeared, not brightened. These, however, were defects which Mr. Brinjes did not heed. It was enough for him to possess and to wear a coat and a wig which became the company which met at the Sir John Falstaff.

He stood awhile looking up and down the street, first casting his eye upwards to note the weather, a thing which no one who has been a sailor neglects, whether he goes upon deck or leaves the house. The sky was clear, the wind southerly, and the now declining sun shone upon the houses, so that, though mean and low, they glowed in splendour, and the Apothecary's silver pestle showed as if it were of pure solid silver, and the Penman's golden quill as if it were indeed of burnished gold, and the Barber's brass vessels across the way, catching the sun by reflection, shone as if they, too, were of gold; while the diamond panes of the upper lattice windows were all on fire, and one's eyes could not brook to gaze upon them; the red tiles of the gables, though they were overgrown with moss, seemed as if they had newly left the potter's hands; and the timber-work of the house fronts was like unto black marble or porphyry. No painting was ever more splendid than those mean houses under the summer evening's sunlight. At the Barber's door there arose a curious cloud, which produced an effect as of a white mist rising from the ground. It was, however, nothing but one of the 'prentices flinging the Vicar's wig for Sunday. Lower down the street there was leaning against a post the tall form of Aaron Fletcher. He had nothing now, in his appearance, of the gallant privateer, being dressed as becomes a tradesman, in a fur cap, grey stockings, round shoes, and a drugged waistcoat; yet there was in him something that looked like a sailor: however you disguise him, the sailor always betrays himself. His hands were in his waistcoat pockets, and his eyes were fixed upon the Golden Quill, because he hungered still for a sight of the girl who lived beneath that sign. In spite of his strength and his courage, one word from Bess would have made this giant as weak as a reed. But as for her, she would no more so much as speak friendly with him, being angered at his importunity.

Bess sat in the open doorway, partly screened from the glare of the evening, and partly sitting in the open sunshine, because she was not one of those who fear to hurt her complexion. She was working at something which lay in her lap, and sat with her back turned to Aaron, as if she knew that he was there, and would not so much as look at him. Through the doorway might see her father at his work, spectacles on nose.

Mr. Brinjes looked at her, still standing before his own door. Then she raised her head, hearing his footstep, and laughed. She always laughed at sight of Mr. Brinjes in the evening, because, in his great wig and velvet coat, on his way to the Club, he was so different from Mr. Brinjes in his scratch or his night-cap, sitting in his parlour or his shop.

"Saucy baggage!" said the Apothecary. "Stand up, Bess, and let me see how tall thou art."

She obeyed, and stood up, overtopping Mr. Brinjes by more than the foretop of his wig; she was, in fact, five feet eight inches in height, as I know, because I measured her about this time. It is a great stature for a woman. She was now past her twenty-first year, and therefore full grown, and no longer so slim and slender in figure as when Jack sailed away at Christmas, in the year seventeen hundred and fifty-six. She was now a woman fully formed; her waist not slender, as fine ladies fondly love to have it, but like the ancient statues for amplitude, her shoulders large and square rather than sloping, her neck full and yet long, her skin of the whitest, her hair and eyes of the blackest; as for the eyes, they were large and full, and slow rather than quick of movement, a thing which betokens an amorous or passionate disposition; her face, as one sees in the faces of certain Italian painters, with an apple cheek, full and rosy lips, with a straight nose and low forehead. About her head she had tied a kerchief. For my own part, I have always maintained that Bess was the most beautiful woman I have ever looked upon in Deptford or anywhere else, though one may admit, what Castilla insists, that, however beautiful a girl may be, she belongs to her own class. Truly, all poor Bess's troubles came to her because she loved a gentleman.

Mr. Brinjes surveyed her critically. Then he sighed and said, "Thou art, I swear, Bess, fit for the gods themselves! Well, child?"—and then he sighed again.

"Is there news?" she asked.

"I hear of none," he replied, gravely. "Bess, the time goes on. Is it well to waste thy youth on a man who comes not back? There are other men."

"Talk not to me," she cried, impatiently; "talk not to me of other men. There is no other man in the world for me but Jack. As for other men—I scorn 'em."

She drew from her bosom half a sixpence, tied to a piece of black ribbon. This she kissed, and put back again.

"It is long since we had news of him," Mr. Brinjes went on, doubtfully, and dropping his voice, because Mr. Westmoreland sat within, poring over his books.

"He loves me," she replied in a whisper. And the thought caused her cheek to glow, and her eyes became humid. "He told me he should always love me. Why; a man cannot be continually writing letters. He wrote to me once—which is enough—to tell me again that he loves me. And I think of him all day long."

"Well said, girl! That is only what is due to so gallant a lover."

"I belong to him—I am all his. Why else should I desire to live? Why do I go to church, if not to pray for him?"

"Good girl! Good girl! Would that all women had such constant hearts! I have known many women, whether at

home, or at Kingston, or on the Guinea coast. Some I have known jealous; some full of tricks and tempers: but never a one among them all to be constant. Good girl, Bess!"

"Sometimes I think—oh!—suppose he should never come back at all! or suppose I should learn that another woman had entrapped him with her horrid arts?"

Mr. Brinjes smiled, as one who knows the world.

"Sailors do sometimes fall into traps," he said. "They are everywhere laid for sailors. Perhaps in another port—nay, in half-a-dozen ports, he may have found—nay, child, be not uneasy. Why"—here he swore as roundly as if he had been an Admiral, at least—"a thousand girls shall be forgotten, when once he sees thy handsome face again. What, though his thoughts may have gone a-roving—though I say not that they have—they will come home. The Lieutenant will be true. Gad! There cannot be a single Jack of all the Jacks afloat who would not joyfully come back to such a sweetheart."

"Oh, yes!" She made as if she would draw something else from her bosom, but refrained. "I have his letter, his dear letter. Jack is true. He swore that no one should ever come between him and me."

"There is another thing, child. He left thee, Bess, a slip of a girl seventeen years old, with little but great black locks and roguish tricks. When he comes back, he will find another Bess."

"Oh!" she cried in alarm. "But he will expect the same." "And such a Bess—such a beautiful Bess—fit for a Prince's love."

"I want no Prince but Jack," said Bess, her eyes soft and humid, and her lips parted.

"He will be satisfied. Rosy lips and black eyes, shapely head and apple-cheek, dimpled chin and smiling mouth, and such a throat! I have seen such, Bess, in the girls of the Guinea Coast when they are young; just such a throat as thine—as slender and as round, though shiny black. For my own part, I love the colour."

"Happy boy! happy girl!" he cried, after sighing heavily; "I would I were young again to fight this lover for his mistress. Tedious it is to look on at the game which one would still be playing."

"There is one thing which troubles me," she said. "It is the importunity of Aaron, who will never take nay for his answer. He comes every evening—nay, sometimes in the morning—telling me the Lieutenant has forgotten me, and offering to take his place. And he will still be saying things of Jack (who cudgelled him so fitly). If I were a man I would beat him till he roared for mercy." Her eyes now flashed fire, I warrant you, sleepy and calm as they had looked before. "But I can do nothing; and Luke is too small and weak to fight so great a man. He stands there now—look at him!"

"Patience, my girl; patience! I will tackle this love-sick shepherd."

More he would have said, but Mr. Westmoreland himself came to the door, his quill behind his ear, with round spectacles on his nose, blinking in the sunshine like an owl or a bat, as if the light was too much for him. He was dressed in a rusty brown coat, worn so long that the sleeves had exactly assumed the shape of his arms; the cuff of the right arm was shiny, where it had rubbed against the table; and the back was shiny, where it had rubbed against his chair. On his head was a night-cap of worsted. Strange it was that so feeble a creature should be father of such a tall, strong, and lovely girl. Yet these contrasts are not unknown.

"A fine evening, Mr. Brinjes," he quavered, in his squeaky voice; "a fine evening, truly."

"Truly, Mr. Westmoreland."

"Is there news of the Lieutenant?"

"I have none, Sir."

"Pray Heaven he be not killed or cast away. Many brave youths are nowadays killed or cast away at sea. You remember Jack Easterbrook, Bess?" She looked at Mr. Brinjes and smiled. "I have never had a scholar (to call a scholar) like unto him. Dolts and blockheads are they all, compared with him. Never such a lad—never such a lad for quickness and for parts."

Mr. Brinjes nodded and went on his way. Mr. Westmoreland spread his hands out in the sunshine as one who stands before a warm fire, and he pushed back his nightcap as if to warm his skull. But his daughter sat still, the knitting-needles idle in her lap and her eyes fixed as one who hath a vision, and her lips parted, as in a dream of happiness. Poor child! It was her last.

Mr. Brinjes walked slowly down the street until he came to Aaron Fletcher. Then he stopped and surveyed the man from head to foot.

"Aaron," he said, "Have a care. Have a care. Thou hast been warned already. A certain girl, who shall be nameless, is food for thy betters, master boat-builder. Food for thy betters!"

Aaron muttered something.

"Why, it is but two years and a half ago, if thou wilt remember, good Aaron, that a certain thing happened. Wherefore I warned thee that trouble would follow. Has it followed? Where is the Willing Mind? Captured by the French. Where is the prize-money thou wast to get from the privateer? Her cruise was cut short. Where is thy building-yard? It is burned down. Where is thy business? It is gone. Thus would-be murderers are rightly punished. Wherefore, good Aaron, again I say—I have a care."

Aaron made no reply, but shuffled his feet.

"And what do we here?" Mr. Brinjes asked sternly. "Do we wait about the street in hopes of catching a look—a covetous and a wanton look—upon a face that belongs to another man? Aaron Fletcher—Aaron Fletcher, I have warned thee before."

"With submission, Sir," said the young man, "the street is free to all. As for my betters, a boat-builder is as good as a penman, I take it."

"Go home, boy; go home. Leave Bess alone, or it will be the worse for thee."

"I take my answer from none but Bess."

"She hath given thee an answer."

Here the young man plucked up courage, and fell to railing and cursing at Mr. Brinjes himself—a thing which no one else in the whole town would have dared to do—not only for losing him his boat and building-yard by wicked machinations and magic, but also for standing, he said, between him and the girl he loved, and keeping her mind filled with nonsense about a King's officer, who had gone away and forgotten her; whereas, if it had not been for this meddling old Apothecary—the Devil fly away with him and all like unto him!—the girl would have been his own long ago, and he would have made her happy.

"Here is fine talk!" said Mr. Brinjes, at length, and after hearing him without the least signs of anger. "Here is a proper gamecock! Aaron, thou must have a lesson. So! That hollow tooth of thine, my lad: the one at the back, the last but one in the left hand lower jaw!" The fellow started, and turned pale. "Go home now, quickly." Here Mr. Brinjes shook the gold head of his walking-stick threateningly, while

his one eye flamed up like a train of powder. "Go home; thy way the tooth will begin to shoot and prick as with fiery needles. Go, therefore, to bed immediately. It will next feel as if a red-hot iron were clapped to it and held there, and thy cheek will swell like a hasty pudding. The pain will last all night. In the morning, come to me; and, perhaps, if I am merciful and thou showest signs of grace and repentance, I will pull out the tooth. Thou canst meditate, all night long, on the incomparable graces of the girl who can never be thy sweetheart."

The young man received this command with awe-struck eyes and pale cheek. Then he obeyed, going away with hanging head and dangling hands—a gamecock with the spirit knocked out of him.

Strange, that a doctor should be able to cause, as well as cure, disease. As Aaron Fletcher drew near to his workshop, he felt the first sharp pang and pricking of toothache. When he reached his bed, the misery was intolerable. All night long he rolled upon his pallet, groaning. In the morning he repaired to Mr. Brinjes, dumbfounded, his face tied up, seeking for nothing but relief.

"Aha!" said Mr. Brinjes. "Here is our lad of spirit—here is our lover. Love hath its thorns, Aaron, as well as its roses. Sit down, sit down. The basin, James—and cold water. It is a prinder, and will take a strong pull. Hold back his head, James—and his mouth wide open. So—with a will, my lad. It is done. Go no more to the neighbourhood of Bess Westmoreland, my lad. 'Tis a brave tooth, and might have lasted a lifetime. The neighbourhood of Bess Westmoreland is draughty, full of toothaches and rheumatisms. I think I saw another hollow grinder on the other side. Take great care, Aaron. Avoid Church-lane, especially in the evening. Go thy way now, and be thankful that things are no worse."

CHAPTER XXVII.

IN COMMAND.

When Mr. Brinjes had disposed of this importunate swain, he went on his way, and presently entered the Blue Parlor, where some of the gentlemen were already assembled, waiting for the arrival of their president or chairman, the Admiral, who was not long in coming, with his escort of negroes.

When he had taken his seat, his pipe filled, his gold-headed stick within reach, he rapped upon the table once.

"Gentlemen," he said, "good evening, one and all."

Then he rapped upon the table twice.

Immediately the landlord appeared at the door, bearing in his hand a great steaming bowl of punch, which he placed before the president. One of the negroes filled a brimming glass and gave it to his master. Then he filled for the others and passed the glasses round; and the Admiral, standing up, shouted, "Gentlemen, his Majesty's health, and confusion to his enemies!"

This done, he sat down, and prepared to spend a cheerful evening.

By this time it was eight o'clock, though not yet sunset—though the western sky was red and the sun low in the west. With much whistling of pipes and ringing of bells the day's work at the Yard had by was brought to a close. Whereupon a sudden stillness fell upon the air, broken only by the hoarse cries and calls from the ships in mid-river now working slowly up stream, with flow of tide and a light breeze from the south or south-east.

"Gentlemen," said the Admiral, with importance, "I have this day received despatches from Jack Easterbrook, my ward, which I have brought with me to gladden your hearts, as they have gladdened mine." He tugged a packet out of his pocket, and laid it on the table before him. "He writes," continued the Admiral, "from his ship, the Sapphire frigate, Captain John Strachan; and, to begin with, the letter is dated November, but appears to have been written from time to time as occasion offered. At that time he was with Admiral Sir Edward Hawke, whose health, gentlemen, we will drink."

They did so. The Admiral proceeded, with the deliberation which belongs to one-armed men, to open the letter, and, after cailing for a candle, to read it.

"Nov. 22, 1759.—The boy writes, gentlemen, as I said before, from aboard the frigate Sapphire, Captain Strachan, then forming part of Commodore Duff's squadron, and of Sir Edward Hawke's fleet, blockading the port of Brest. It is his account of the action, whereof intelligence reached the Admiralty six months ago. Humph! At the beginning, the boy presents his duty and respect, which is as it should be. He is well, and without a scratch. But the news is six months old, and of the stalest. Yet it is welcome. Now listen."

"I wrote to you last when we were driven by stress of weather to raise the blockade of Brest, and put in at Torbay." He did, gentlemen, and you heard his letter read.—"I hope my letter came to hand."—It did.—"By stress of weather to raise the blockade of Brest."—This letter-reading is tedious work." The Admiral took another drink of punch, and proceeded, folding the letter so as to catch the light, and reading very slowly. "When the gale abated we put to sea again, but found that the Frenchman had slipped his cables and was off. 'Twas a fisherman of Beer, a little village on the Devonshire coast, who saw the French fleet under full sail, and brought the news. We found out, afterwards, there were twenty sail of the line and five frigates that sailed out of Brest, being bound, as was conjectured, for Quiberon Bay. But this we could not rightly tell. However, we crowded sail and after them, the wind blowing fresh, the water lumpy, and the weather thick, so that we made a poor reckoning, and the fleet was much scattered. However, on the sixth day, being the morning of the 20th, the signal was hoisted of the enemy's fleet, and the Admiral gave his signal to close up for action. Well, there they were in full sight, but apparently with mighty little stomach for the fight; and, instead of shortening sail and accommodating us like gentlemen, they scudded before us. However, towards eight bells, when the men had taken their dinners and their rum, and were in good fighting trim, and ready to meet the Devil himself on his three-decker—'tis a deuce of a boy, gentlemen—the Warspite and the Devastation had the good luck to come up first with the French rear, and the action began. Very soon we all drew up, and pounded away. As for the Sapphire, we, with the Resolution 74, were speedily engaged with the formidable Rear-Admiral Verger; and a very brisk engagement it was, the Frenchmen being full of spirit. But he had the sense to strike after three hours of it, and after losing 200 men killed and wounded. There was a very good account made of the other ships, though not without misfortunes on our part. The Thésée, seventy-four, thinking to fight her lower-deck guns, shipped a heavy sea, and foundered, with all her crew. She would have made a splendid prize, indeed, and a magnificent addition to his Majesty's Fleet. But it was not to be.—"The decrees of Providence, gentlemen," said the Admiral, "are not to be questioned or examined. But it passes human understanding to see the sense of sinking the Thésée, instead of letting her become a prize and an ornament to King George's Navy, useful for the cause of justice." Then he continued reading:—"The French ship Superbe, seventy, also capsized.—Dear,

dear, gentlemen! another loss to us — ‘and went down, I think, from the same cause. So here were two good ships thrown away, as one may say, by lubberly handling. We had luck with two more noble ships: one of them, the Héros, as beautiful a seventy-four as you ever clapped eyes on, struck; as the waves were, unluckily, running too high for a boat to but the waves were, unluckily, running too high for a boat to be lowered, and in the night she ran aground. So did the Soleil-Royal, eighty; and next day we had to set fire to them, Soleil-Royal, eighty; and next day we had to set fire to them, though it was enough to bring tears to the most hard-hearted for thinking how they would have looked sailing up the Solent, the Union-Jack at the stern, above the great white Royal. Our misfortunes did not end here; for H.M.S. Resolution unfortunately went ashore, too, and now lays a total wreck, and all her crew drowned. The Essex, also, went ashore and is lost, but her crew saved. As for us, it was stand by, load and fire, for nearly three hours, but only two officers killed and three wounded, with twenty men killed and thirty wounded. I think the Mounseers, who were safe within the bar of the river, will stay there so long as we are in sight. For though they pounded us, we’ve mauled them, as I hope you will allow. ‘Tis thought that we may be dispatched in search of Thurot’s squadron. So no more at present, from your obedient and humble JOHN EASTERBROOK.’ Well, gentlemen, there is my letter, and what do you think of it?”

“Always without a scratch,” said Mr. Brinjes. “Well, the lad is as lucky as he is brave. Every bullet has its billet. Pray that the bullet is not yet cast which will find its billet in Jack. Admiral, let us drink the health of this gallant lad.” And then they fell to talking of Jack’s future, and how they should all live to see him an Admiral and a Knight, and in command of a fleet, and achieving some splendid victory over the French. But Mr. Brinjes checked them, because, he said, that to anticipate great fortune is, as the negroes of the Gold Coast know full well, to draw down great disaster. But still they talked of the brave boy who had grown up among them, and was now doing his duty like a man.

Now, in the midst of this discourse, the landlord ran into the room, crying, “Admiral and gentlemen, here comes a French prize up the river!” And all, leaving their pipes and punch, hurried forth into the garden.

There is no more gallant sight than the arrival of a prize, especially when, as then happened, she comes up the river at the sunset of a glorious summer day, when the yellow light falls upon her sails, and colours every rope of her rigging, and when, as then happened, she bears about her all the marks of a long and terrible battle—her bulwarks broken away, her mainmast gone, great rents and holes in her side, her sails shattered, and even the beautiful carved group which once served for a figure-head, such as the French love, broken and mutilated.

“A French prize, truly, gentlemen,” said the Admiral. “There is a French cut about her lines—and look! there is the white flag with the Union Jack above.”

She came up Greenwich Reach, her sails bent, slowly, as if she was ashamed of being seen a prisoner in an English port. At her stern floated the flag of the French Navy, the great white flag with the Royal arms in gold. Above this flag there floated the Union Jack. And every gentleman in the company tossed his hat and shouted at the sight.

“Landlord,” said the Admiral, “fetch me your glass, and quick. The evening falls apace.”

The landlord brought a sea telescope.

“She’s a fifty-eight gun-ship, gentlemen. There has been warm work. Mainmast gone, to gallant mizen carried away: bows smashed, rigging cut to pieces. Seems hardly worth the trouble of bringing up the Channel. But”—here he wiped the glass with his coat-sleeve, and applied it more carefully, “who is that upon the quarter-deck? Gentlemen—gentlemen all—it is . . . it is . . . it is none other than Jack Easterbrook himself in command! Damn that boy for luck! Cudjoe, ye lubber, bring me my stick! Gentlemen, we will all hasten to the Yard, and board the ship as soon as she drops her bow. Landlord, more punch! Jack’s home again, and in command of a prize! And, landlord, if I find my negroes sober when I come back, gad! I’ll break every bone in your body!”

In this triumphant way did Jack come home, in charge of a splendid frigate, the Cypso, taken after an obstinate action as one may desire or expect, by the Sapphire, in the Chops of the Channel, and sent to Deptford under command of Lieutenant John Easterbrook, to be repaired and added to his Majesty’s Navy.

(To be continued.)

BUFFALO-HUNTING IN MONTANA.

The North American bison, which ought not, the naturalists say, to be called a “buffalo,” is now getting scarce on the plains towards the Rocky Mountains; but may still be met with in a narrow tract running from the Yellowstone River northward to the Great Slave Lake. This tract is crossed by the American line of the North Pacific Railway, in Montana, some hundreds of miles south of the Canadian boundary; and it cannot long remain the happy hunting-ground of Sioux or Blackfoot Indians, or continue to afford exciting wild sport to amateur riflemen from the cities of the United States and of Europe. The sport, indeed, is less dangerous than the pursuit of the African buffalo, for the American beast is a mild and stupid creature of the ox kind, and will seldom either show fight, or display high speed or much cunning in seeking escape. Colonel Dodge says that this animal will stand gazing at his companions falling killed or wounded around him, until the whole herd is shot down. They are described as like domestic cattle in their habits, except that they are fond of wallowing in the mud, and getting their bodies plastered with it, which serves to protect them against mosquitos and other insects. The flesh of the hump, and the tongue also, make excellent meat; the rest of their beef is usually converted into “pemmican,” being dried, pounded fine, and mixed with fat in a paste, which is kept for store of food. The hide makes a “buffalo robe,” or is tanned for leather, and is therefore in much request. In the ancient forests of Europe, more especially of Germany and Hungary, the Urus, or Aurochs, formerly abundant, which was nearly identical with this American bison.

The foundation-stone of a new Townhall for Portsmouth, the cost of which will be about £150,000, was laid on the 14th inst. by the Mayor, who afterwards entertained a large company at luncheon.

At a Congregation, held at Cambridge University on the 11th inst., the Vice-Chancellor presiding, a congratulatory address to the University of Harvard, U.S.A., on the occasion of the celebration of the 250th anniversary of the foundation of Harvard, was read and adopted. Dr. Taylor, Master of St. John’s, was appointed to represent the University at the celebration.

The London School Board received a deputation on the 14th inst. from the Metropolitan Radical Federation to present a memorial on the subject of the Board’s regulations as to the arrears of school fees. Mrs. Ashton Dilke enlarged at considerable length on the various points of the memorial, and a lively discussion took place between several of the members of the deputation and of the Board.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

AMATEUR (Havana).—We are greatly obliged for the trouble you have taken. The game shall have due honours.

C G (Ipswich).—We fear that a two-move problem whose theme turns upon the promotion of a Pawn to a Knight would have no interest for our readers. Have you looked at Mr. H. W. Sherrard’s problem?

T A F (Kildare).—Too simple, we regret to say.

O L (Edinburgh).—Please see answer to C G. No. 2217 cannot be solved in the way you propose.

C F S (St. John’s, N.B.).—Your problem is not forgotten.

P J (Broadmoor).—All our solvers would like to hear again from Mr. Callander; but we fear he has retired from the problem world.

O L.—In your case, the key-move will suffice.

PETERHOUSE (Eastbourne).—Thanks for your courtesy; we have, however, heard from Monmouthshire.

W B (Stratford).—Have been absent from town.

A B P C (Long-acre).—The misprint is corrected in this Number.

G H (Manchester).—If found correct it shall appear.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2217 received from Babu Jamini Mohan Das (East Bengal); of No. 2218 from Amateur (Havana); of No. 2219 from F C Schindler (Ontario); of No. 2220 from H Lascelles (Cairo); of No. 2221 from M A S (the Hague), Nouveau Club (Smyrna); of Nos. 2216, 2217, and 2218 from Pica Jones; of No. 2217 from W. Vernon Arnold, T. Roberts, E G Boys, J A Schmucke, F Marshall, Emile Frau, Peterhouse, and T W Newman.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2218 received from Commander W L Martin (R.N.), R H Brooks, L Falcon (Antwerp), H Wardell, E G Boys, W Hillier, J Wyman, the Rev. Winfield Cooper, N S Harris, J A Schmucke, R L Southwell, Hereward, R Tweidell, F Marshall, E H H Lucas, E J Winter Wood, E Elsbury, H Reeve, Emile Frau, Ben Nevis, B R Wood, Clement Fawcett, L Sharswood, Ernest Sharswood, T G (Ware), G W Law, Thomas Chown, A C Hunt, E Casella (Paris), S Bullen, J Hall, H T H, W R Baillet, G E P, Juniper Junior, Joseph Ainsworth, C Oswald, G Darragh, Julia Short, J Hepworth’s law, T Roberts, Augusta Nicholson (Cardiff), E Featherstone, J K (South Hampstead), Peterhouse, Otto Fulder (Ghent), Mac George, Nerina, Richard Murphy (Wexford), Oliver Ingleid, Laura Greaves (Shelton), W B Smith, E Louden, and W Heathcote.

NOTE.—Correspondents will please observe that in this problem Black has a good reply to 1. Kt to Q 3rd (ch) in 1. K to B 4th; to 1. Q to B 2nd the answer is 1. K to R 5th, after which White cannot mate in two more moves.

ERRATA.—In the solution of No. 2215, for 1. B to K 8th read 1. B to Kt 8th.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2217.

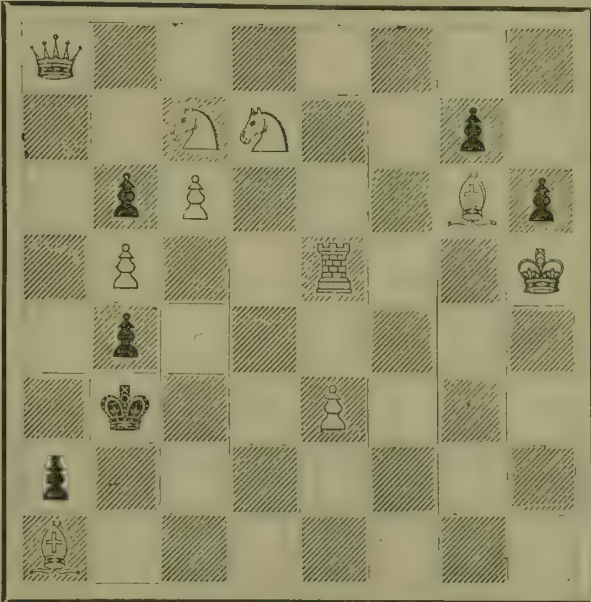
WHITE.
1. B to Q R 7th
2. B to Q B 6th
3. R mates.

BLACK.
P to Kt 3rd
K moves

PROBLEM No. 2220.

By F. HEALMY.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

An interesting Game, played recently at Havannah, between two of the best local players, MESSRS. VAZQUEZ and GOMAYO.

(Gioco Piano.)

WHITE (Mr. V.)	BLACK (Mr. G.)	WHITE (Mr. V.)	BLACK (Mr. G.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	14. P to K B 4th	P takes P
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	15. K B P takes P	Q to R 5th
3. B to B 4th	Kt to B 3rd	A useless demonstration of force.	
4. P to B 3rd	B to B 4th	16. B to Q 3rd	Kt to Q sq
5. P to Q 4th	P takes P	17. K to R sq	Kt to K 3rd
6. P to K 5th	P to Q 4th	18. R to K Kt sq	P to Q B 4th
7. B to K Kt 5th	Kt to K 5th	19. R to Kt 4th	Q to K 2nd
8. P takes P	B to Kt 3rd	20. Q to B 2nd	P to K R 4th
9. Kt to B 3rd	B to Kt 5th	21. R to Kt 6th	P takes P
10. B to K 3rd	Castles	22. B to K R 6th	K to R sq
11. Castles	B takes Kt	23. Q R to K Kt sq	R to B 2nd
12. P takes B		24. B to B 5th	P to Q 6th
		25. Q takes P	Kt to Q B 4th
		26. Q takes P	R to Q sq
		27. B takes P (ch)	R takes B
		28. R to R 6th (ch)	R to R 2nd
		29. B takes B	

We should have preferred 13. P to K B 4th, at once, as the adverse centre cannot be broken.

and Black resigned.

The Manchester Weekly Post prints the following Gamelet, one of twenty two played simultaneously by Mr. BLACKBURN.

(Vienna Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. F.)	BLACK (Mr. S.)	WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. S.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	10. Kt takes P (ch)	K to Q sq
2. Kt to Q B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	11. R to Q sq	R to Kt sq
3. P to B 4th	P takes P	12. P to Q 7th	B to Kt 5th
4. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	White’s position looks rather doubtful, but, as will be seen, he rises to the occasion.	
5. B takes P	P takes P	13. Kt to K 6th (ch)	P takes Kt
6. P to Q 5th	Q to B 3rd	14. B to B 7th (ch)	K to K 2nd
7. Q to Q 2nd	Kt (B 3rd) to K 2nd	15. P Q (ch).	
8. P to Q 6th	Kt to Kt 3rd	and Black resigned.	
9. Kt to Q 5th	Q takes Kt P		

The meeting of the Irish Chess Association, at Belfast, was brought to a close last week. The following are the prize-winners in the handicap tourney and their respective scores:—

Burn	1st prize	13
Pollock	2nd	11½
Neill	3rd	10½
Magowan	4th	9½
R. W. Barnett	5th	9
Harvey	Division	8½
Chambers	Division	8½

An Engraving representing the principal competitors in the even tourney at this meeting will be found on another page.

The newly-constituted Railway Chess Club opened the season on the 13th inst. by scoring a decisive victory over the Ludgate-circus Club. There were fifteen competitors on each side, and the score at the conclusion was—Railway, 7 won, 5 drawn, and 3 lost.

At Grantham a chess club numbering over sixty members has just been formed. The officers for the ensuing year are—President, Malcolm Low, Esq., M.P.; Vice-President, Sir Hugh A. Cholmeley, Bart.; and Messrs. H. H. Johnston and R. E. Fishenden, honorary treasurer and honorary secretary respectively.

Mr. Blackburne visited the Athenæum Chess Club, Camden Town, on Saturday evening, and played twenty-six of the members simultaneously. The play extended over five hours, and at its conclusion the score was announced. Mr. Blackburne won 12, lost 3, and drew 5.

The Skinners’ Company has given fifty guineas to the funds of the Recreative Evening Schools Association.

The vessels in Glasgow Harbour were gaily decked with flags on the 13th inst., the occasion being the opening of No. 2 Glasgow Dock, in the presence of the Clyde trustees and a numerous company. The dock cost £100,000, and was four years in construction, under the supervision of Mr. Deas, engineer of the Clyde Trust.

“CHILL OCTOBER.”

Never was happier title thought of for an autumnal landscape. It might have floated a far less poetic and perfect picture into popularity than that bearing the name, and than which none better of its sort has ever come from the cunning hand of our great and versatile painter. World renowned it has almost become, and few people with any artistic instincts in them can wander along the country side in October without being irresistibly reminded of it. The keen invigorating air alone, as it freshens the cheek and nips the finger-tips, suggests it, whilst all around, the slowly withering aspect of the verdure and the steady insidious creeping on of winter apparent everywhere, testify to the veracity of the artist’s observation and to his exceeding power of portraying what he sees.

What saith the river to the rushes grey,
Rushes sadly bending,
River slowly wending?
It is near the closing of the day,
Near the night,
Life and light
For ever, ever fled away.

The voice of the river is audible to our mind’s ear as we gaze at the counterfeit presentment of the landscape, and its whispered words bring home to our understanding the sentiment and poetry of the hour almost as forcibly as would the veritable stream itself, when we are standing face to face with nature. The painter, through his skill, tells us very plainly “what saith the river to the rushes grey,” and indicates unmistakably that the life and light of the year have all but departed. Save for the soft murmur of the slowly moving water, Nature has well-nigh lost the power of articulate speech. She has little more to say or sing in a tender key. Her summer tones are dying, and when she is heard again it will be in the boisterous shout and roar of winter’s winds. For the moment, however, we can listen in quiet to the secrets of the rushes “as they stand whispering in a body by the bank on a grey day under a chill though gentle breeze. The air moves the surface of the river in wide slow ripples, and sweeps between the branches of the willows which fill part of the mid-distance, until the eye glances past them to the further bank of the stream. Over all is the grey sky, with here and there glimpses of its silver lining. The picture is a poem in painting, and the more admirable because its materials are homely, or at least were found at home, and are such as those who can see may often see. The art of the painter, no less than his powerful poetic feeling, has supplied that subtle grading of light and tone which all enjoy, while few understand it. The natural and perfect harmony of low notes of colour, greys and greens, and white, is produced as only a master can. The bringing of colour, light, and tone, to complete accord, in which lie the triumphs of *chiaroscuro*, the ineffable charm of the least definable phase of art, is the painter’s doing.”

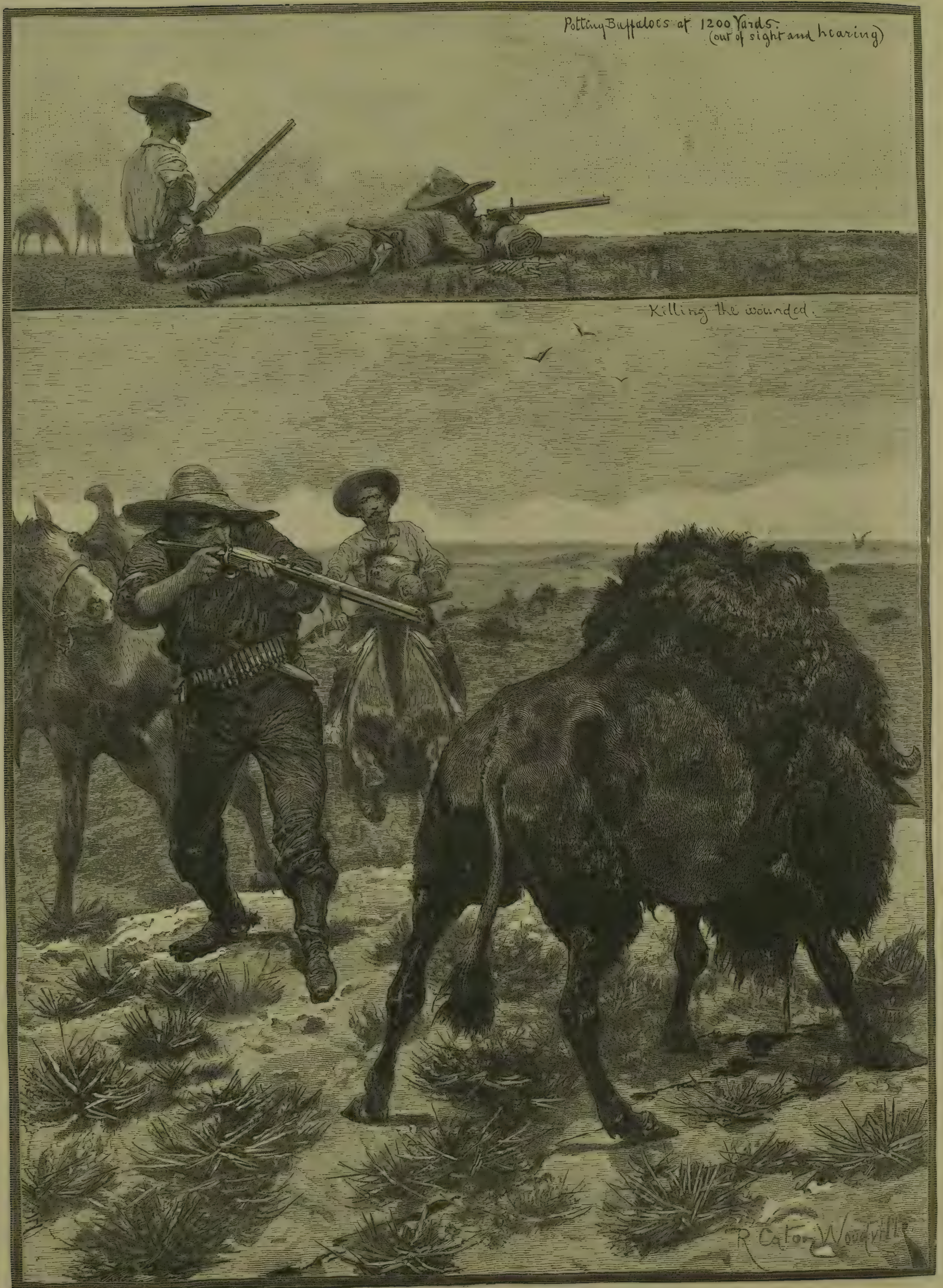
In the picture-gallery a sense of the chill borne in the folds of the misty air which intervenes between the eye of the spectator and the tree-crowned promontory projecting into the silvery light of the water, cannot fail to make itself felt, and we more than ever recognise the aptness of the title given to the canvas. By the same token, when on a country ramble, the aspect of the skies, the fading foliage, and the other signs of the declining year, impress us with a sense of sadness, it is sufficient to recall, to a thoughtful mind, the very tone and character of the whole work. Of course, when our footsteps bring us to the brink of rivers, with their rush-fringed banks, willow-studded spits of land, and distant, vapour-veiled uplands, at a season favourable to the fancy, the recollection arises in redoubled strength. In either case, gazing at art or at nature, each reminds us vividly of the other. But, wherever we are at this time of year, we can seldom drop into the Briton’s popular topic of conversation—the weather—without uttering the words, “Chill October.” They seem to convey everything that can be said about it; and somehow they do so in the pleasantest fashion. There is a half-genial ring in their sound, which robs them of their sterner significance, and takes the sting out of the prophetic warning, which in reality they convey, of the coming dreariness of winter. Signs that it is to be a hard one may abound on all hands; “hips and haws” may cluster thickly in every hedgerow; brambles may straggle in unusual lengths across the paths in the luxuriance of their growth, and may, in addition to the ripe and ripening fruit they bear, be yet putting forth more stray blossoms in promise that, in face of the hard time to come, Nature is making the utmost provision for her so-called dumb dependants. The season may be prolific in berries and wild fruits of all descriptions; and the ground be thickly strewn with acorns, beech-nuts, and other rough but kindly provender for the busy hosts of furred and feathered creatures who rely upon the store they can lay up at this period to help them through the long hours when the cruel frosts and snows lock up the portals to their nests and burrows. In a word, there may be unmistakable indications in every direction of the grim reality to be expected; still, the words have a musical rhythm in them, a melody in the combination which seems to divest the future of much of its terror. Hence, they indicate wisdom in seeking enjoyment in the country, and making the most of it even during “Chill October.” Late though it is for a holiday to all who chance to be unskilled in the use of rod, gun, or sketch-book, there are plenty of sights and sounds to lift it far above disdain. Grant that we mainly love the country for the rural rest and relief it gives us when summer heats make streets and crowds well-nigh intolerable; grant that we only look upon it as a region to lounge and picnic in, or where a silver stream or sandy shore gives us the luxury of the morning plunge and the afternoon’s pull or sail; grant that to lie out on the grass or upon a sun-baked rock, with novel or work, is, to our thinking, the utmost use we can put it to;—admit all this, we say, and yet there is plenty of pleasure to be had out of it during “Chill October,” if we but attune our minds aright. As one of the best means to this end, for example, let us catch the robin’s cheery note; let us take his pretty pipe as the properest key in which to pitch our thoughts; let us listen attentively as he merrily sings his paean in praise of “Chill October,” around the homesteads, and among the orchards and cottage gardens; and, adopting his happy philosophy, invoke his aid by repeating the words of Keble:—

Unheard in summer’s flaring ray,
Pour forth thy note, sweet singer,
Wooing the stillness of the autumn day,
Bid it a moment linger,
Nor fly
Too soon from Winter’s scowling eye.

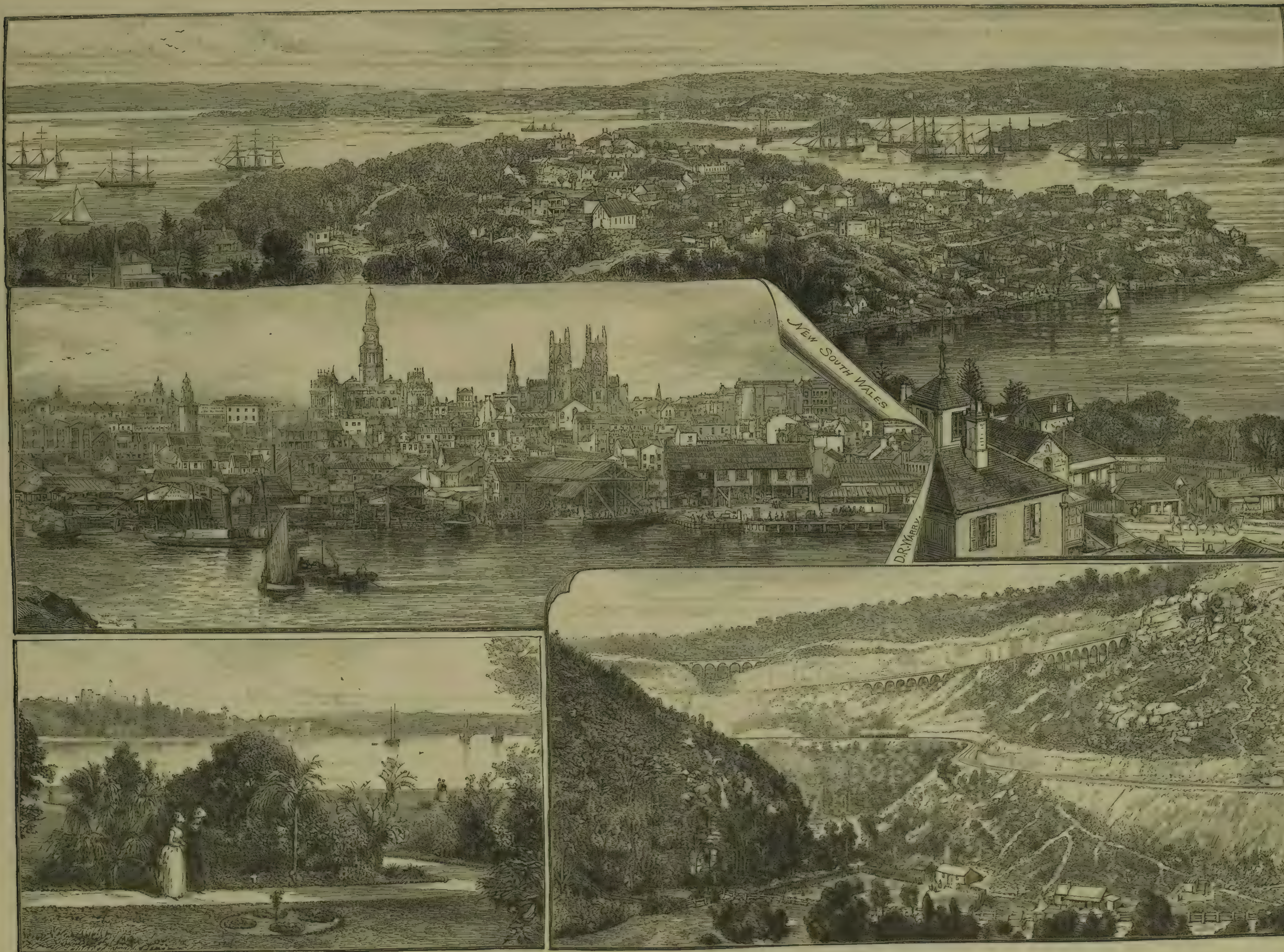
The blackbird’s song at eventide,
And hers who gay ascends,
Filling the heavens far and wide,
Are sweet, But none so blends
As thine
With calm deep and peace divine.

When, as in this present year of grace, the kindly summer of St. Martin lingers far on into the month, we may reasonably believe the red-breast’s wooing has been successful, and that the stillness of the autumn day gladly declines to “fly too soon from winter’s scowling eye.”

W. W. F.



BUFFALO HUNTERS IN MONTANA, NORTH AMERICA.



1. Sydney Harbour: General View.

2. The Darling Harbour, Sydney.

3. Zigzag of the Western Railway, up the Blue Mountains.

4. The Botanic Gardens, Sydney, with Government House.

VIEWS OF NEW SOUTH WALES.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS AT THE COLONIAL AND INDIAN EXHIBITION.

VIEWS IN NEW SOUTH WALES.

In the series of descriptive notices of the British Colonies, prepared to accompany our Illustrations of the Colonial and Indian Exhibition, some account has been given of New South Wales, the first colonised, and not second in present importance, of the English Australian provinces. The Illustrations we publish this week are of Views at Sydney and in its neighbourhood, and at one or two other places in New South Wales, the scenery of which, owing to the Blue Mountain range, is more romantic and picturesque than some countries in that part of the world. Port Jackson, near Botany Bay, discovered by Captain Cook in 1770, was the site of the first British settlement, in 1788, on the Australian coast; and its historical celebrity is maintained by the erection of the capital, the fine city of Sydney, on the southern shore of this noble inlet of the sea. Many visitors have expressed the liveliest admiration of its beauties, which are perhaps the more striking from the suddenness with which they meet the eye, when the passenger on board ship enters through a narrow strait from the ocean, having seen only a dull and rather forbidding line of coast outside. The inner shores of the haven, from the entrance to which Sydney is distant about four miles, are indented by more than thirty smaller bays, coves, or inlets, with rocky promontories, mostly adorned with verdure, jutting far out between them. Some of these recesses of the water are compound, one lying within another, and several together form the proper harbour of Sydney, which has depth for ships drawing 27 ft. to come in at low tide. They can lie at the Circular Quay, at the head of Sydney Cove; while the neighbouring wharves of Woolloomooloo and Darling Harbour, the docks of Cockatoo Island and Waterview Bay, and the Parramatta river, afford vast accommodation for shipping; and there is Double Bay for the yachts, and Admiralty Inlet for ships of war. One of the inviting promontories above mentioned, overlooking Farm Cove, and commanding a more extensive view towards South Head and the seaward mouth of the harbour, is occupied by the Domain, or pleasure-grounds of Government House, and by the adjacent Botanic Gardens, with the ornamental grounds that were laid out around the Exhibition Building of 1879, unfortunately destroyed by fire in September, 1882. The opposite North Shore of Port Jackson is a favourite place of villa residences, the gardens and shrubberies of which make a very agreeable prospect from the city.

New South Wales, having a population of just one million, possessing immense resources, pastoral, mineral, agricultural, and manufacturing, doing a yearly trade of nearly £20,000,000 exports, and rather more of imports, is of course furnished with railways, Western, Northern, and Southern. About 2000 miles of railroad have been opened, costing above £20,000,000 sterling. The Western Railway, crossing the coast range of Blue Mountains, is remarkable for the wild grandeur of the scenery through which it ascends, and for its bold engineering works; the famous "zig-zags" of Lapstone Hill and Lithgow Valley, the bridge over the Nepean river at Penrith, and the Clarence tunnel, 3700 ft. above sea-level; the gorges, defiles, and ravines, with frequent waterfalls, Govett's leap, the Katoomba, the Wentworth falls, and the glens at Lawson, are what the traveller does not forget. This line passes westward from the towns of Parramatta, with branches to Windsor and Richmond, by Penrith and Lithgow to Bathurst, and further takes a north-westerly direction, by Dubbo, to Bourke, on the river Darling, five hundred miles from Sydney. This is a rising inland town, commercially connected, by its situation, with Queensland and with Adelaide, South Australia, as well as with Sydney and

Melbourne. The district is rich in copper ore, and there is pasture in good seasons, but droughts are here felt very severely. The Darling, called the Burwon in the upper part of its course, rising in Queensland, has a feeble and intermittent current in summer, almost drying up in some places, but is navigable after the rains. Its total length is nearly 2000 miles, tending south-west, and it joins the Lower Murray, near the boundary of Victoria and South Australia.

Our Illustrations are from photographs in the New South Wales Court at the Colonial Exhibition.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Feb. 17, 1881), with a codicil (dated Dec. 19, 1882), of Mr. Kaye Knowles, late of No. 1, Warrington-crescent, Maida-hill West, who died on Aug. 17 last, at Liverpool, was proved on the 2nd inst. by Andrew Knowles and James Knowles, the brothers, and Henry Calvert, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £247,000. The testator bequeaths £1000, certain furniture, plate, pictures, and effects, and an annuity of £2000, to his wife; and legacies to servants. As to the residue of his real and personal estate, he leaves one fourth to his brother Andrew, one fourth to his brother James, one fourth, upon trust, for his brother Robert, for life, and then for the children of his brother Andrew; and one fourth, upon trust, for his sister, Mrs. Betsy Jane Calvert, for life, then for her husband, the said Henry Calvert, for life, and then for the children of his said sister and of his late sister, Ann Calvert.

The will (dated March 10, 1885), with two codicils (dated Aug. 1, 1885, and April 25, 1886), of the Rev. William Churchill, formerly Rector of Winterborne Strickland, but late of Drayton House, Radipole, Dorset, who died on July 1 last, was proved in the Blandford District Registry, on the 8th inst., by the Rev. Cameron Churchill and the Rev. Reginald Churchill, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £72,000. The testator bequeaths all his pictures, books, plate, furniture, horses, and carriages equally between his seven younger sons and his three daughters; he gives pecuniary legacies to his unmarried children and to his tenants; he devises his mansion house called Colliton House, Dorchester (subject to the life interest of his sister therein), to his eldest son, William Churchill; he gives certain rights of pre-emption over his estate at Piddlehinton and Piddletown in favour of his sons, the residuary real and personal estate being given in trust for certain of his children and of his daughters-in-law.

The Scotch Confirmation, under seal of office of the Commissariat of the county of Edinburgh, of the trust disposition and settlement (dated July 7, 1882), with a codicil (dated Oct. 30 following), of Mr. James Thomson Gibson Craig, Writer to the Signet, of No. 24, York-place, Edinburgh, who died on July 18 last, granted to Sir James Henry Gibson Craig, Bart., the nephew, Joseph Kaye, and John Clerk Brodie, the executors nominate, was resealed in London on the 12th inst., the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland amounting to upwards of £68,000.

The will (dated July 25, 1883) of Mr. Frank Chappell, late of No. 42, Great Marlborough-street, music publisher and musical instrument maker, who died on July 17 last, at Oaklea, Wimbledon Park, was proved on the 4th inst. by George Chater, jun., Samuel Arthur Chappell, and Henry Rose, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £56,000. The testator leaves all his real and personal estate, upon trust, for his mother, for life, and then for his brothers and sisters in equal shares.

The will (dated Nov. 12, 1883), with two codicils (dated Oct. 23, 1884, and July 15, 1886), of Mr. John Dettmar, late of The Cottage, Wanstead, Essex, who died on July 22 last, was proved on the 1st inst. by Richard Dawes, jun., the surviving executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £33,000. The testator gives numerous and considerable legacies to sisters, nephews, nieces, servants, and others; and the residue of his estate and effects to his sister, Mrs. Ann Gertrude Dobson.

The will (dated Jan. 6, 1880), with two codicils (dated May 22, 1882, and Jan. 6, 1883), of Mr. Percival Broadbent, formerly of No. 29, Hyde Park-square, and late of Davos Platz, Canton Grisons, Switzerland, who died on July 16 last, was proved on the 1st inst. by Richard Ovey and Mrs. Mary Broadbent, the widow, the acting executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £31,000. The testator bequeaths his furniture, plate, pictures, household effects, horses and carriages, and £20,000, to his wife, in addition to the provision made for her by settlement; £1000 per annum to his mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Broadbent, for life, and then to his father, John Johnson Broadbent, for life; he also gives his father the option of taking a lease of his mill at Great Horton, near Bradford; £2500, upon trust, for each of his sisters, Jane Elizabeth and Florence Louisa; and other legacies. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, then for his children in equal shares, and, in default of children, for his wife absolutely.

The will (dated Jan. 12, 1885) of Mr. Frank Russell Fisher, late of No. 18, Gore-road, South Hackney, shipowner, who died on Aug. 22 last, was proved on the 7th inst. by Mrs. Phebe Elizabeth Fisher, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £26,000. The testator leaves £400 and his pictures, books, plate, household furniture, goods, and effects, to his wife, and an annuity of £90, and his said residence for life; £50 to each of his trustees other than his wife; and the residue of his real and personal estate, upon trust, for all his children.

The will (dated March 26, 1886), with a codicil (dated May 7, 1886), of Miss Elizabeth Isabella Burrow, late of No. 43, Well-street, South Hackney, who died on July 24 last, was proved on the 28th ult. by Herbert Heath, the sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £26,000. The testatrix bequeaths £5000 to six trustees, upon trust, for such religious and charitable purpose in connection with the Catholic Apostolic Church as they shall think fit; and numerous and considerable legacies to relatives and others. The residue of her property she gives to John Leslie.

The Scotch Confirmation, under seal of office of the Commissariat of Fife, of the Right Hon. Louisa Susanna Jane, Dowager Countess of Rothes, of Leslie House, Leslie, who died on June 21 last, granted to John Baillie Buchanan Baillie Hamilton and James Auldjo Jamieson, was resealed in London on the 8th inst.

A resolution was passed by acclamation, at a Court of the Common Council on the 14th inst., conferring the freedom of the City on Mr. H. M. Stanley, the African explorer.—The Court resolved not to proceed further in the matter of statutory for Blackfriars Bridge.

The Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, in his opening address at the Diocesan Conference, pleaded for a much larger extension of the Episcopate than was at present contemplated, and gave some particulars as to how it could be done mainly out of existing funds.

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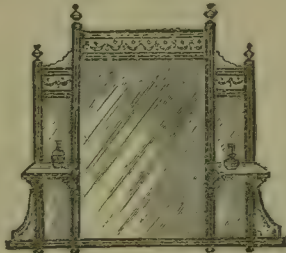
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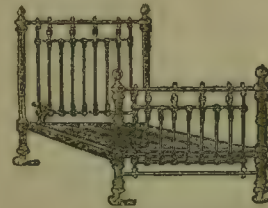
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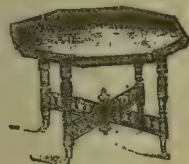
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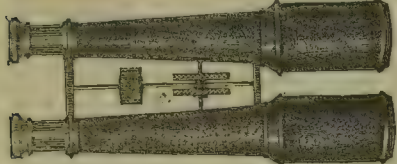
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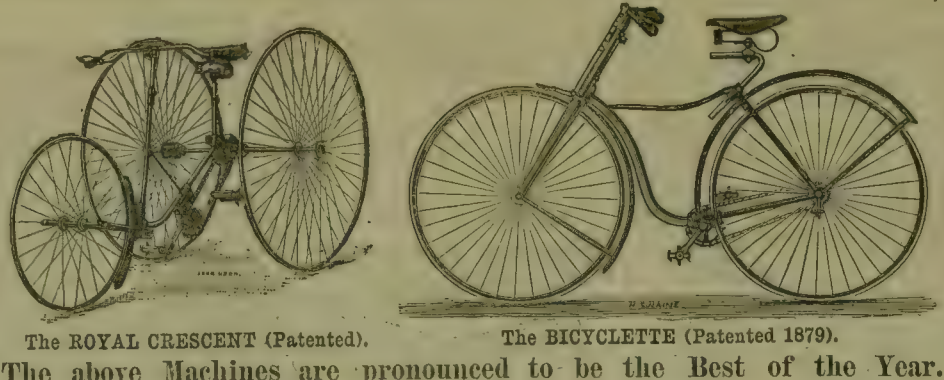
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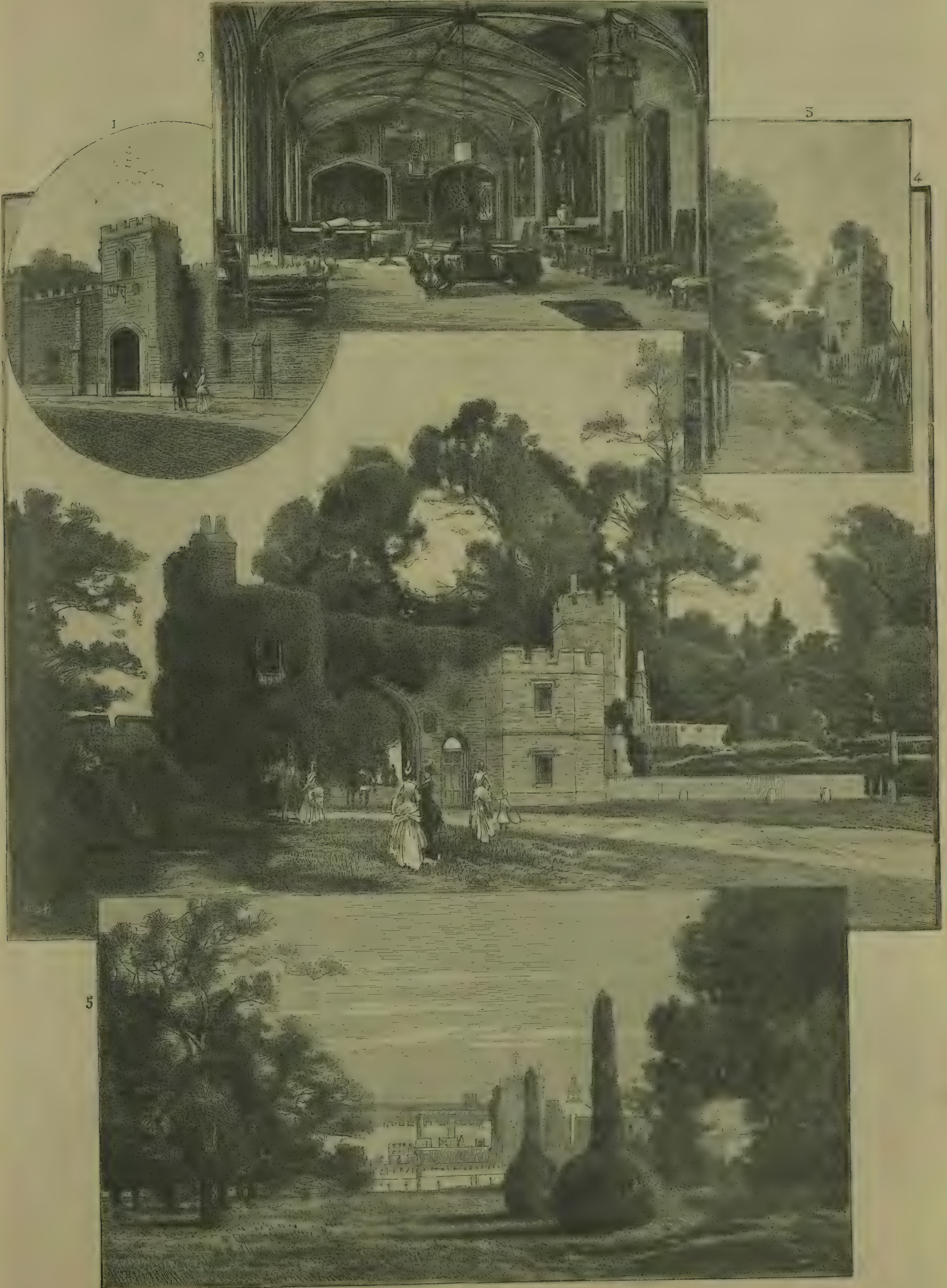
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ENGLISH HOMES.—No. VII. CASSIOBURY.



1. Entrance Door to the House.

2. The Cloisters.

3. A Corner in a Courtyard.

4. Entrance Gate to the Park.

5. The Private Gardens.

ENGLISH HOMES.

No. VII.

Cassiobury.



THE EARL OF ESSEX.
From a Photograph by J. Thomson.

A FAIRE and large house, situated upon a dry hill, not far from a pleasant river, in a faire park. In these words does an old chronicler describe the first dwelling-house built at Cassiobury; and even in such words might we describe the last.

Not far out of big, thriving Watford, which is not far out of London, stands the great country seat of the Earls of Essex. Soon after leaving Watford station, one reaches a point where two roads meet—the old “crossways,” with a patch of green, always picturesque, even though, instead of the old-world gipsy, it is a travelling photographer who has taken up his position on the grass. Here, from the great highway, there runs a country road, bordered with trees; and up this road, past a field or two, one comes to the lodge-gates of Cassiobury.

It is a pretty lodge, and the wide gateway is overgrown with ivy; a stalwart porter stands beyond, great with the dignity of office. All the world passes freely—the nursemaids of Watford, old couples enjoying a sunny walk, cockneys eager for the fresh air—all are welcome to enter this immense park, spreading wide and level with no apparent limits, and everywhere filled with shady trees. Straight on from the gate leads a drive that crosses river and canal; but a narrow path to the right, over the grass, takes us more quickly to the great house.

Long before the first house here built of which we have authentic record, Cassiobury is said to have been the home of the warrior chief from whom its name may be derived: Cassibelaunus, ruler of the Cassi, a hero whose heroism seems almost mythical to us now-a-days, yet who undoubtedly fought for Britain in days when “England” was not. Near here he fought his last fight; and Old St. Albans (Verulamium), six miles off—one of the chief towns of his tribe—was made a military station by the Romans.

In Saxon times, the manor and tithe of Cassio were part of the endowment of the Abbey of St. Albans, received from its founder, Offa, the ruler of Mercia; and we find recorded as “festival dues from Kaiso,” three centuries later, “At Christmas-time, two shillings and twenty-four hens.”

At the Dissolution, Henry VIII. bestowed on Sir Richard Morison, or Moryson, the lordship and manor of Cassiobury—in consideration, one must add, of “certain property in York-

shire and Worcestershire, and of the sum of £176 17s. 10d. in money,” with, moreover, “the services of the tenth part of a knight, and payment of a yearly sum of £5 12s. 6½d.”

This Richard Morison was a noteworthy man, learned and able, and a great traveller. Henry sent him on several embassies, to the Emperor Charles V. and others, accompanied by Roger Ascham; he was knighted, and later, being a zealous Protestant, appointed one of the reformers of Oxford. When Mary came to the throne he found it advisable to live abroad; but after a while returned, and began, in 1553, the building

of his “faire and large house” at Cassiobury. He had not, however, time to finish it before religious persecution drove him once more from England; and he died at Strasburg, in 1556.

His son, Sir Charles Morison, finished the house just at the end of the century. It remained the family seat for a hundred years, until by the marriage of Elizabeth, only surviving child of Richard Morison's grandson with a Capel—Arthur Capel, the hero of the house—the estate passed to that family, from whom the present Earl of Essex is lineally descended.

The Capels were a Suffolk family, and men of much energy and distinction. From one of them—twice Lord Mayor of London, almost a rival of Whittington—Capel Court derives its name. They were connected also with Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, the unhappy favourite of Elizabeth, the friend of Bacon and Shakespeare, whose memory is kept green at Cassiobury by an interesting contemporary portrait—and a warming-pan, also contemporary.

It was another Earl of Essex, the first of the Capel line, who rebuilt the house—entirely, I believe, with the exception of the north-west wing. Very soon after the rebuilding—for the Earl only returned from Ireland, and resolved to live at Cassiobury, in 1677—Evelyn (of the Diary) visited it, on April 8, 1680. “On the earnest invitation of the Earl of Essex,” he says, “I went with him to his house at Cassioberie, in Hertfordshire. It was Sunday; but going early from his house in the square of St. James's, we arrived by ten o'clock: this we thought too late to go to church, and we had prayers in his chapel. The house is new, a plain fabric, built by my friend Mr. Hugh May. There are diverse faire and good rooms, and excellent carving by Gibbons, especially ye chimney-piece of ye library. . . . The lymanum, or gable at the front, is a basso-relievo of Diana hunting, cut in Portland stone handsomely enough. I did not approve of the middle dores being round, but when the hall is finished as designed, it being an oval with a cupola, together with the other wing, it will be a very noble palace.”

So till the beginning of the present century it stood. Then George, the fifth Earl of Essex in this line, resolved to rebuild the house entirely. In 1800 he destroyed the old Cassiobury, and James Wyatt, the architect of Fonthill Abbey—the “lordly pleasure-house” raised by the wild caprice of Beckford—and of parts of Windsor Castle, designed and built anew the splendid house.

One's ideal of a stately home, that castle we have all built in the air, is surely a great quadrangle—the house rising four-square around a grassy plot, like Tennyson's visionary Palace of Art, where—

Round the cool green courts there ran a row
Of cloisters, branched like mighty woods,
Echoing all night to the sonorous flow
Of spouted fountain-floods.

Such a plan has Wyatt taken for his castle-home of Cassiobury. It stands on a level ground, fronting to the west over a downward sweep of the broad park to where the lazy river and the neat canal run side by side; a north-east wing of brew-house and stables slopes down the hill. To the south is a suite of noble rooms—the state-rooms, I suppose they may be called—looking out upon the dark cedars of the shaven lawn; and all the south-west corner of the house is taken up with the four libraries. Along the east, the private rooms, bright with modern pictures and modern comforts, open on to the lawn; and the north side of the quadrangle holds the kitchen, with its round tower, and the servants' rooms. To west and south, long cloisters overlook the inner court, where rise, among the grass and pebbled walks, high evergreens, cut into what the gardeners of old were pleased to think ornamental figures (it is so hard to make a green tree beautiful)—trimmed round in what one might call the “consecutive plum-cake fashion,” of cylinders rising one above another round the bare stem of the tree. In the middle of the court, on a stone pedestal, a little fountain plays; and all round the great house rises, sheltering all from sun and wind, with a battlemented wall halfway up the eastern end, and to the west only the one low storey of the cloistered hall.

Westward, the house fronts upon the open park; the lawn is south and east; the north looks down into quiet gardens. All round, except to the west, it is set in trees. It is a perfect site for quiet English beauty; overlooking its hundred acres of sweeping park broken with countless trees, which stand here in little clumps or circles, here alone, here—away across the river, sloping up along the westward hill that bounds the view—in a great avenue, planned by Le Notre (who also laid out, but in far more formal fashion, the Gardens of Versailles). And one has just a glimpse of a little waterfall, not far away, and a wooden bridge, over which drive the farmers in their little carts, going to buy and sell at Watford market.

Over all these the great house looks: a simple, stately building, modern Gothic in style, of good red brick. In its centre is a little square tower, or gate-house, and above the entrance—surmounted by the Essex arms—a pinnacled porch, beneath which wooden seats anticipate the hospitality of the open door. Northwards stands another tower, red, with a blue clock-face; and thence runs down, as I have said, a wall, which connects stables and brew-house with the main building—and beneath this wall a busy crowd of hens picks up its living, discussing eagerly the politics of the poultry-yard.

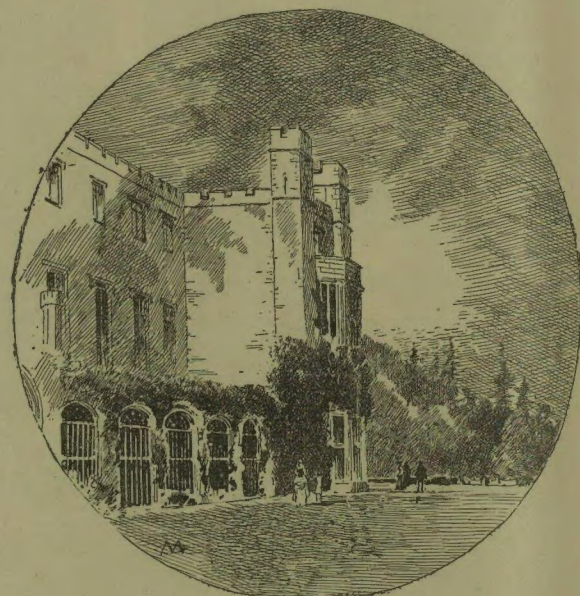
Just below the sparkling waterfall I have spoken of—whose object is at once æsthetic and utilitarian, for it is very pretty and keeps in the trout—there stands the little white wooden bridge of the river, whose next door neighbour is a canal bridge of solid brick: like Burns's two dogs, the waters chatter along together—careless collie and glossy Newfoundland, the best of friends.

The open door of Cassiobury admits one to a narrow cloister—the entrance-hall—whose Gothic windows, enriched with blazonry of rich coloured glass, look into the inner court. All along this hall, on fine old tables of carved wood, or hanging on the walls, or upon the floor, there is great store of what our grandfathers called “curios,” or curiosities, all duly labelled and described; and this one finds throughout the house. It gives something of an old-world simplicity to the place. Now-a-days, I know not why, there seems too little of the child in us to frankly allow that we are interested in the “preserved head, hat, and boots,” of Hassan Ben Ismadi, a Malayan pirate, “killed in a desperate defence against the boats of H.M.S. Winchester in the Straits of Malacca, 1836.” Why, it recalls the days of Byron and Moore—the days when the wind of poetry blew from the far east, when pirates and their romance were alive and thrilling! Byron would have put on Hassan Ben Ismadi's cap and boots; his head someone has lost—which is just what Byron would have done.

And close at hand are the snow-shoes in which Papineau, “the Canadian arch-traitor,” made his escape; they bring back other by-gone days, another dimly-remembered romance. How many of us would like to be too closely examined in the history of the Canadian arch-traitor, or would be too confident whom or what he made his escape from?

After the cloistered hall, we pass southwards to the Great Cloister, with its white coved ceiling and the five windows of stained glass along its northern wall. The midmost window is in a recess, and richer in colour than the rest; there is a picture of the present Earl seated beneath it, his favourite collie by his side, now upon an easel in the Great Library. Into the further end of the cloister there stretches from the passage beyond a curious line of skin mats, each from a deer sometime inhabitant of the park.

What furniture is in the Great Cloister—it is more of a corridor than a room—is plain, its colour for the most part red. On the walls hang fine old portraits: one, the oldest in



RIGHT WING, FROM THE PRIVATE GARDENS.

the house, a very interesting head of Henry IV. There is an old picture, too, of Sir Thomas Conynsby—a very formidable likeness—accompanied by a diminutive personage labelled by the artist “Crickit a Dwarf.”

From the cloister a step takes us to the foot of the Grand Staircase, one of the great beauties of the house. There are few things more picturesque and stately than an old massive staircase, whether it gleam with marble shafts and broad white steps, or be warm and rich with English oak, like this one—the carved wood of the balustrades standing out, deep brown, against the dark green of the carpet. The wonderful woodwork of this staircase, and over many chimney-pieces throughout the house, was carved by the great English master, Grinling Gibbons.

South of the cloisters lie the Great Dining and Drawing Rooms, and between them is a saloon chiefly noticeable for its ceiling, which is decorated with a painting by Verrio, mentioned by Evelyn as being then in the porch or entrance. The subject is—well, as Evelyn describes it as “Apollo and the Liberal Arts,” while one guide-book calls it “The Flight of Cicero,” and another, “Painting, Sculpture, Music, and War”—perhaps it will be wisest simply to say that the subject is allegorical. We are on safer ground with the portraits of the celebrated Miss Stephens, the actress, and her husband, George, Earl of Essex.

Eastward from the saloon is the Green Drawing-Room. I do not know if there is such a thing as a semi-antiquarian—one who studies the things that are only half old, the ways of the day before yesterday, manners and things out of fashion, yet too new for the picturesqueness which belongs to the old-fashioned. I do not know if there be a student who finds interest precisely in that time which to mankind generally is the least interesting; but, if he exists, let him come to study the great Green Drawing-Room at Cassiobury.

Here everything—the furniture, the pictures, the very carpet—is full eighty years old, but not much older; and this middle-age (as for furniture it is) which has neither the fresh charm of youth nor the wrinkled beauty of old age—is, for a drawing-room, of all rooms, the most trying. A dining-room, a library, are always dignified, and solid in their style; but a drawing-room is essentially bright and light—and ah, how difficult to be bright and light at middle-age!



OLD MILL IN THE PARK.

shire and Worcestershire, and of the sum of £176 17s. 10d. in money,” with, moreover, “the services of the tenth part of a knight, and payment of a yearly sum of £5 12s. 6½d.”

This Richard Morison was a noteworthy man, learned and able, and a great traveller. Henry sent him on several embassies, to the Emperor Charles V. and others, accompanied by Roger Ascham; he was knighted, and later, being a zealous Protestant, appointed one of the reformers of Oxford. When Mary came to the throne he found it advisable to live abroad; but after a while returned, and began, in 1553, the building



CASSIOBURY.

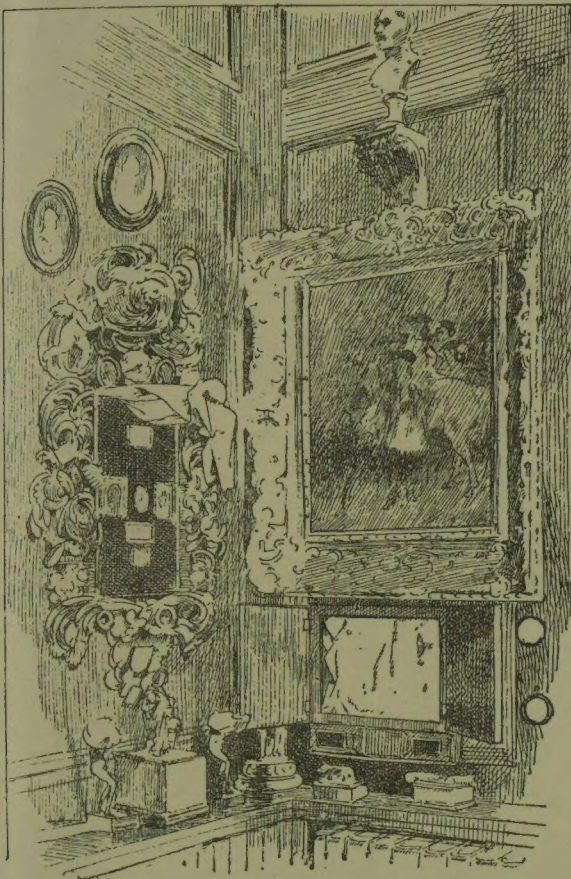
One thing that the critic of this furniture of the Regency cannot fail to notice is, how remarkably well everything has worn. If there was a Victorian age of shoddy, this was unquestionably before it. Of everything in the room, workmanship and materials must have been thoroughly good; the very gilding is untouched by age.

And there is much gilding; and everything is symmetrical and in order; and the green of this Green Drawing-Room is not the fashionable sage nor sombre olive—it is just unmitigated green, and there an end. And the china—well, the china is magnificent, if not Chinese (one deep blue vase, near the window, must be a thing without price); and the pictures—they are Turner before he became Turneresque!

Of no date, I think, is the delightful conservatory into which the drawing-room opens. It is not merely a conservatory, but a room as well; human beings are allowed their share, and not the flowers alone, in this cool and charming alley, which runs from drawing-room to garden, along the south-west of the house—this southern side of Cassiobury is the prettiest of all, with its red brick, of colour subdued by time, half-buried in the climbing green. The south-west corner is like a chapel, with high-pointed windows above the low projecting storey formed by the conservatory. At the other corner a bay window of two storeys stands out, white against the red; and next to it a solid mass of green, like a buttress of twinkling leaves. Beneath lies the narrow lawn, the rich colour of the level grass bright against the spreading cedars. There is a fairy-ring on the green—one can imagine the elves dancing under the full moon by Cassiobury—and the garden is sheltered by a little wood to the south, and westward by an evergreen hedge; beyond which—in the park to the right—were in old times the kitchen-gardens.

The south-east corner of the house is filled entirely with the libraries—the Great, Small, Inner, and Dramatic Libraries, they were called of old. From the saloon we step into the Great Library, and look down the cool, shady chamber—with a glimpse, through the window at its end, of the eastern lawn and the shadowy trees beyond.

It is a long, rich room of quiet brown, opening on the right into smaller chambers: an ideal library, I think—still, and yet cheerful, with an exquisite cool scent, and the good old books ranged round it, with the pleasant homely colour of their leathern backs. The furniture is of an old-world red—red is the prevailing colour at Cassiobury; and all along the room old family portraits look down upon us. Above the fireplace, midway in the left-hand wall, is a fine picture of the late Earl and his sister, as children, by Sir Joshua, and over them another beautiful bit of Gibbons' carving: White busts are



TROPHY OF THE BATTLE OF THE BOYNE.

ranged along the right-hand side of the room—great men of the Earl's younger days: Lords John Russell, Althorp, Brougham, and Denham.

By the end window is the writing-table; and here, and on stands, are volumes of rare old engravings. The carpet dates from the same time as the Green Drawing-Room's furniture—is as old as the house, one may say; yet eighty years have not spoilt its richness, though, by a quaint computation, characteristic of the house, we are told that the present owner has walked, up and down it, from seven to eight thousand miles! Evelyn says of the library of his day that it "is large and very nobly furnished, and all the books are richly bound and gilded; but there are no MSS. except the Parliament rolls and journals, the transcribing and binding of which cost him, as he assured me, £500." Him is the Earl, of whom Evelyn speaks thus: "As for my Lord, he is a sober, wise, judicious, and pondering person; not illiterate beyond the rate of most noblemen of his age; very well versed in English historie and affaires; frugal, industrious, methodical, and every way accomplished."

The first of the smaller rooms that open from the Great Library is but, as it were, a tiny red divan: the snugest and warmest place to write one's letters in on winter days, yet dark and cool in summer. This is the sanctuary of the chiefest relics of Cassiobury. Here is the handkerchief—still stained with blood—with which Lord Coningsby staunched the wound in King William's shoulder, as they fought side-by-side at the Battle of the Boyne; a small oil-painting of the scene hangs just above the glass case which holds the handkerchief. Here, too, beneath miniatures of Charles the First and Henrietta Maria, are relics of that unhappy King: a scrap of the Garter which he wore at his execution—its blue faded almost to grey—and a tiny fragment of the velvet pall which covered his tomb at Windsor, when it was opened in 1813. A statue of Napoleon stands here: his portrait is to be seen in many forms throughout the house, and even in the gardens his memory is preserved by a fountain bearing his name.

The Inner Library opens next from the great room, and contains for the most part antiquarian and topographical books. This is a lovely room: the lawn, half-seen through a bow-



FOUNTAIN IN THE PRIVATE GARDENS.

window at the end, is a glimmering background to a graceful figure of white marble which faces the door. By the stately fireplace a large divided mirror, of beautiful and simple design, completes the charm of the room, as water completes a landscape. Above is a picture of a group—the brave Lord Arthur and his family—and facing this the portrait of "William, third Earl," surrounded by the very masterpiece of Grinling Gibbons: a scroll of fruit and flowers that has no rival, unless it be the famous "Net of Game" at Chatsworth. Also in this room are a bust of the present Earl, and the portrait of his first wife.

And here, too, is the relic of the great hero of the house—Arthur, Lord Capel, Cavalier and devoted servant of his King, and martyr to his cause: "Beheaded by the rebels," says an inscription on a brass plate, put up to mark the spot where lies his heart, "within this stone."

Arthur Capel's is one of the picturesque figures of the great Civil War: the man of intellect—he at first opposed the extension of the Royal prerogative—who, the war once begun, fought loyally and chivalrously for a doomed cause, the old order against the new. Charles wrote of him to the Queen—in words that bring before one the ideal knight, stainless in a self-seeking Court—"There is one that doth not yet pretend, that deserves as well as any; I mean Capel; therefore I desire thy assistance to find out something for him before he ask." And he was made Baron Capel of Hadham—a manor of his own in Hertfordshire.

In 1643 he was the King's Lieutenant-General of Shropshire, Cheshire, and North Wales, and there raised a body of horse and foot. He was placed on the council to attend the Prince of Wales, whom he saved from a plot to capture him, and afterwards took securely to Pendennis Castle, and, later, to Jersey, whither he sailed with him from Scilly Island.

When he returned to England, he found that the House of Commons had voted the sale of his estate; but he made terms with the Roundheads, and retired to quiet life at Hadham. But soon new schemes were formed: the Scotch were to invade England, the King was to be freed and placed once more upon the throne. Capel, the Earl of Norwich, and Sir Charles Lucas, brought together four thousand men, fortified Colchester, and gallantly held it throughout a siege by Fairfax. It fell, however, and Lucas and Sir George Lisle were shot in cold blood; but, to Capel's surprise, he himself and the rest were spared. "You would do well," he said to Fairfax, "to finish your work"; and this saying caused a dispute with Ireton, not forgotten, it is thought, when the cavalier was on trial for his life. Capel was imprisoned; escaped, but was recaptured, and sent again to the Tower; and, after long and doubtful trial—for he could be accused of nothing but loyalty to his King—he was condemned to death.

He died very simply and nobly; like his master—

He nothing common did or mean
Upon that memorable scene.

Yet he recalled, with a pathetic dignity, his services to his King. Not long before his death he bade Dr. Morley, who attended him, to give orders, "if he thought there were nothing of vain ostentation in it," that his heart should be taken out and "kept in a silver box until his Majesty came home (as he doubted not but he would), and then that it might be presented to him with his humble desire that where the King, his father, was interred it might be buried at his feet, in testimony of the zeal he had for his service, and the affection he had for his person while he lived."

The brass plate in the library records that Bishop Morley, at the Restoration, brought Sir Thomas Corbet to Charles II., "and saw him give the silver box, with that generous and loyal heart in it, to the King's own hands." Charles sent it to Lord Capel's son, who placed it in the family vault at Hadham, whence it was moved in 1809.

This son, by-the-way, was the first Earl of Essex in the Capel line—the twenty-first in all, for the title is a very old one. His death was tragic, too; he was thrown into the Tower, charged with complicity in the Rye House Plot, and was there found murdered in his cell.

Passing from these records of doom back to the quiet books, one crosses the Great Library and comes to the Billiard-Room, or Gallered Library: this takes its name from a very low gallery, with an iron railing, which runs round three sides of it. The effect, in so small a room, is unusual and quaint—and a room not absolutely like all others is always a thing to be thankful for.

This eastern front of the house is quite plain outside—a pleasant English country seat, and nothing more. It is in three storeys, and along the top there runs a low battlement; evergreens creep up the brick till they reach the upper windows. Back from the main building stands to the north a lower block, and at this end the trees come close up to the house—emboldened, maybe, by the flowers which all along the east have crept to its very foot.

Next to the gallered library come the family rooms, opening on to the lawn, and taking the light of the morning

sun. The Oak Room, habitually used as a dining-room, is square and cheerful, wainscoted with light wood and filled full of bright pictures—mostly English, of the last hundred years or so. Here is Landseer's famous "Catspaw," gaining with age in depth of colour, as the master's pictures seem to gain; here a Napoleon, painted in the fatal year of that last battle, 1815; here Lord Malden and his sister, two children of the present Earl—children when this was painted, now a good many years ago. Among older pictures, the honest face of Reynolds beams at us, with "specs" of vast circumference; and Hogarth is here, in a portrait picture, "A Musical Party"; and not far off, centuries older, there is a portrait of the famous "Robert Devereux," Elizabeth's Essex.

Into the up-stair rooms there is no great need to look, save for some one or two that are interesting. Of these is the Tapestry-Room—a state bedroom, white and brilliant, with a grand old four-poster, rich with creamy satin and gold. It is only of late that this has been a bedchamber; the state bedroom was formerly the next—now used as a sitting-room—at the south-east angle of the house.

Hence we may descend, lingering once more on that noble staircase, were it only to notice Lely's "Moll Davies."

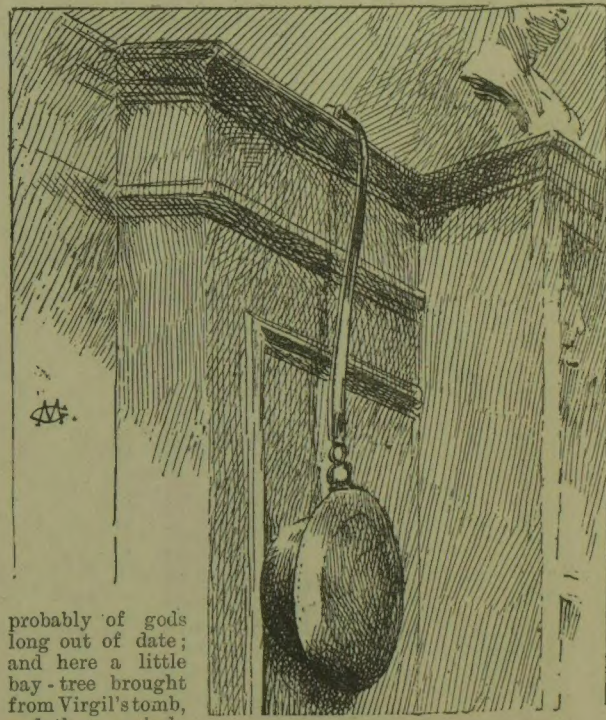
These have been famed for very many years; I know of no great house in which they are more beautiful. They were designed by Cooke, who laid them out for the first Earl of Essex; and, with the pleasure-grounds, they cover eight acres. Evelyn says:—"No man has been more industrious than this noble Lord in planting about his seat, adorned with walks, ponds, and other rural elegancies; but the soil is stonie, churlish, and uneven. . . . The gardens are very rare, and cannot be otherwise, having so skilful an artist to govern them as Mr. Cooke, who is, as to ye mechanic part, not ignorant in mathematics, and portends to astrologie."

These gardens lie to east and north of the house, with, as I have said, just one strip of smooth, delightful lawn stealing along the southern side. Behind the house lies a broad space of lawn, bounded by a low wall overgrown with leaves—why a very low wall should be the prettiest of all boundaries, I cannot tell, but it surely is. Beyond this wall there lies a further, wilder, woody lawn, where ruder grasses, furze, and fern, feather and grow after their own fantasy among the trees, and shade with a dim grey the luxuriant green. This is called "the old lawn," and was once trimly kept; but is better, one would think, as it now lies, a contrast and a background to the new. Here are great trees—beeches that spread over a hundred and fifty feet, enormous firs, and elm and oak, and giant cedars—the cedar seems to be the special tree of Cassiobury. Evelyn complains that though the land about is "exceedingly addicted" to wood, yet "the coldness of the place hinders the growth." But there are surely several exceptions to this rule, besides the one he mentions—"black cherry-trees," which "prosper even to considerable timber, some being eighty foot long"; one magnificent fir there is, for example, which is not yet sixty years old. Just behind the house is the oldest tree on the estate—a gaunt stone-pine; but, rest its soul, it is dead!

To the left, as one steps from the Oak Room on to the lawn is a pretty wood, whence through a wooden gateway one passes into a trellised arbour of broad-leaved limes; just below is "Napoleon's Fountain," so named from the willow thereby planted, which came from the hero's tomb at St. Helena. The bright flowers round it form a lovely oasis in a lovely plain of grass, bordered with stately trees of various hue—the chief among them an enormous tulip-tree, its flowers of a delicate brownish colour showing pale among the saddle-shaped leaves.

Further on are brilliant beds of flowers—one magnificent blaze of geranium almost hurts the eye, with its scarlet "like the sound of a trumpet"; and more beautiful arbours, with quaint little crescent beds beside them; and a small, low-lying garden—named of late "Lady Amelia's Garden"—enclosed by a little hedge and backed by a wall of green leaves, through which round eyelets have been cut, to give us peeps into the depths of wood beyond, dark and glimmering.

So past the orangery, by dazzling beds of yellow calceolarias, along a curving path beside which runs a rainbow-bed, striped with bands of half a dozen colours of flowers, and white-leaved brilliant shrubs. Or, instead of following the path, we can strike upwards by ways also leading, by a covered walk from the orange-house, into further depths of wood and garden; and each way takes us by many things of beauty, which here there is not even space to name—as narrow shaded paths through little rockeries; and thick-pleached alleys, with lovely garden-glimpses through and between them; and hedges and thickets whence peer grey old battered busts,



QUEEN ELIZABETH'S WARMING-PAN.

probably of gods long out of date; and here a little bay-tree brought from Virgil's tomb, and there a circle of mystic aspect—round it an outer hedge of evergreens, then an inner line of dahlias, and in the midst, a ring of rose-trees.

Below this mystic spot is a small, pretty fountain, green with shining leaves, in which stone storks stand solemnly; and after them it is named the Stork Fountain. Not far away is a little summer-house—indeed, the whole garden is full of shady retreats and pleasant places; and one carries away from Cassiobury only memories of rest and peace, as from a refuge from the toil and turbulence of London, hard by.

EDWARD ROSE.

ENGLISH HOMES.—No. VII. CASSIOBURY.



1. Left Wing, from the Private Grounds.

2. The Hall.

3. The Canal in the Park.

4. View from the Private Gardens.